

HYMNAL OF THE  
BALTIMORE CONFERENCE  
ON  
CHRISTIAN FUNDAMENTALS

The Lyric, Baltimore, Maryland

May 20, 21, 22, 23, 1919.

Isaiah 7: 14

John 3: 16

Acts 1: 11

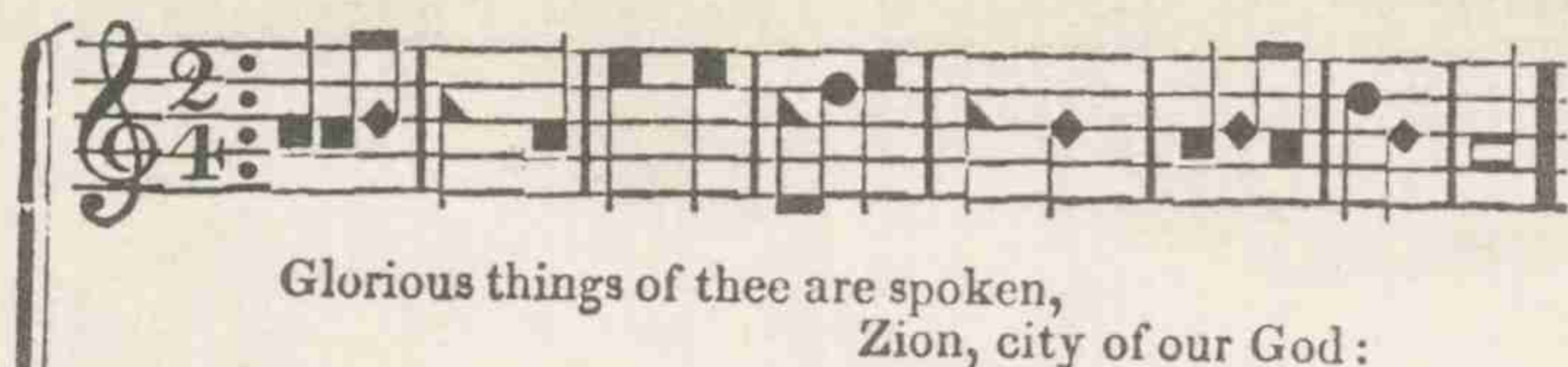
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Edited by

CHARLES M. ALEXANDER

Musical Director of the Conference

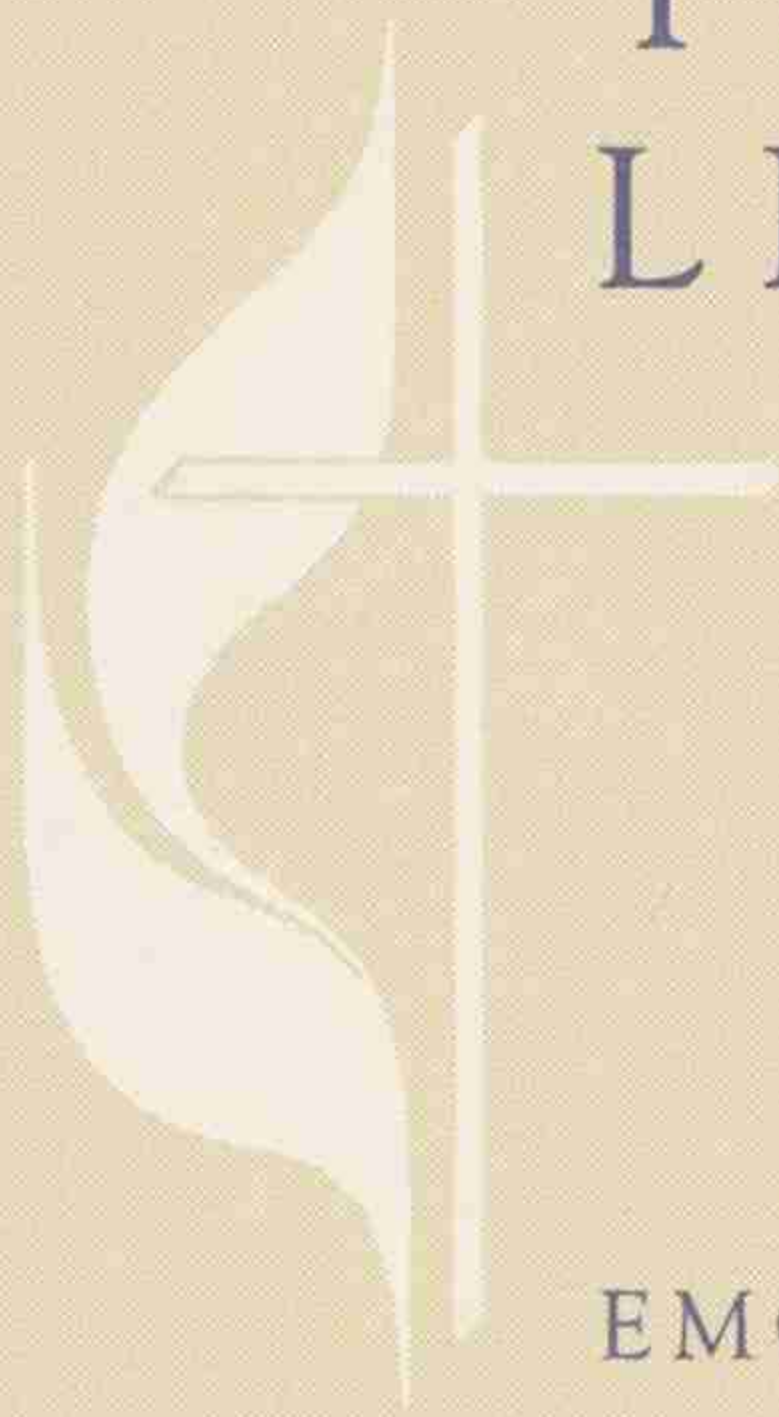




Glorious things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God:

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THE BALTIMORE CONFERENCE ON CHRISTIAN FUNDAMENTALS has been arranged by a group of God's children who feel the need of emphasizing in these days of reconstruction and opportunity, the historic faith of the Christian Church.

THE CONFERENCE holds to the Evangelical "faith once for all delivered to the saints,"

THE TRINITY OF THE GOD-HEAD—Father, Son and Holy Spirit,

THE DEITY OF THE CHRIST—The Saviour of those who believe,

THE PERSONALITY OF THE HOLY SPIRIT—By whose gracious operation believers are "born again,"

THE PLENARY AND SUPERNATURAL AUTHORITY OF THE BIBLE.

THE OBJECT OF THE CONFERENCE IS TO EXALT AND GLORIFY THE LORD JESUS CHRIST—John 16.14,

To bring the lost to a saving knowledge of the Grace of God,

And to further equip believers for the work of "discipling all nations, unto the uttermost parts of the earth,"



Hymn  
1919

Hymn C

# INDEX

A Great Religion . . . . .	40	Must I Go—and Empty Handed? . . . . .	36
All Hail the Power of Jesus Name . . . . .	49	My Anchor Holds . . . . .	35
Alone With Jesus . . . . .	16	My Father's Voice . . . . .	23
Anywhere With Jesus . . . . .	22	My Jesus, I Love Thee . . . . .	66
Are you Ready for the Coming? . . . . .	29	Nearer, My God, to Thee . . . . .	60
Blessed Assurance . . . . .	54	Oh, Could I Speak . . . . .	65
Break Thou the Bread . . . . .	44	One Day . . . . .	10
But I Know . . . . .	4	Only a Sinner . . . . .	6
Christ Receiveth Sinful Men . . . . .	61	Onward, Christian Soldiers . . . . .	50
Christ Returneth . . . . .	62	Open My Eyes . . . . .	1
Come, Thou Almighty King . . . . .	68	Our Great Saviour . . . . .	37
Crown Him With Many Crowns . . . . .	73	Revive Us Again . . . . .	53
Faith of Our Fathers . . . . .	9	Saved By the Blood . . . . .	5
Full Surrender . . . . .	19	Shall I Empty-Handed Be? . . . . .	32
Happy Day . . . . .	63	Since the Fullness of His Love . . . . .	8
He Lifted Me . . . . .	42	Some Happy Day We shall See . . . . .	14
He Will Hold Me Fast . . . . .	31	Sun of My Soul . . . . .	69
Holy Ghost, With Love Divine . . . . .	47	Take My Life . . . . .	57
Holy, Holy, Holy . . . . .	48	The Church's One Foundation . . . . .	13
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide . . . . .	46	The Crowning Day . . . . .	27
I Am Praying for You . . . . .	43	The Gospel of Thy Grace . . . . .	28
I Am Standing on the Word . . . . .	2	The Solid Rock . . . . .	51
I Know Whom I Have Believed . . . . .	17	The Son of God . . . . .	71
I Love to Tell the Story . . . . .	59	There's a Grand Old Book . . . . .	34
In the Cross of Christ I Glory . . . . .	56	There's a Great Day Coming . . . . .	67
I Remember Calvary . . . . .	30	There Shall be Showers of Blessing . . . . .	25
I Shall Be Satisfied . . . . .	20	Till the Day Break . . . . .	15
Ivory Palaces . . . . .	7	'Tis Jesus . . . . .	33
Jesus is a Friend of Mine . . . . .	3	Trust and Obey . . . . .	26
Jesus is Coming . . . . .	38	We're Marching to Zion . . . . .	58
Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me . . . . .	45	What a Friend We have in Jesus . . . . .	55
Jesus Shall Reign . . . . .	70	What will it Be? . . . . .	21
Just a Little Help From You . . . . .	11	What will it Be when We See Him . . . . .	18
Let Us Crown Him . . . . .	12	When His Face I See . . . . .	24
Lord of All . . . . .	41	When I Survey . . . . .	52
Love Divine . . . . .	64	When the Roll is Called . . . . .	72
		Wonderful Story . . . . .	39



# Open My Eyes, That I May See.

C. H. S. &amp; FRED. P. MORRIS.

CLARA H. SCOTT.



1. O - pen my eyes, that I may see Glimpses of truth Thou hast for me;
2. O - pen my ears, that I may hear Voices of truth Thou sendest clear;
3. O - pen my mouth, and let me bear Tidings of mer - cy ev - 'ry - where;
4. O - pen my mind, that I may read More of Thy love in word and deed;
5. O - pen my way, that I may bring Trophies of grace to Christ, my King;



Place in my hands the won - der - ful key That shall un - clasp, and  
 And while the wave - notes fall on my ear, Ev - 'ry - thing false will  
 O - pen my heart, and let me pre - pare Love with thy chil - dren  
 What shall I fear while yet Thou dost lead? On - ly for light from  
 Ech - oed in love Thy word shall out - ring, Sweet as the note that



set me free. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy  
 dis - ap - pear. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy  
 thus to share. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy  
 Thee I plead. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy  
 an - gels sing. Si - lent - ly now I wait for Thee, Ready, my God, Thy



will to see; O - pen my eyes, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!  
 will to see; O - pen my ears, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!  
 will to see; O - pen my heart, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!  
 will to see; O - pen my mind, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!  
 will to see; O - pen my way, il - lu - mine me, Spir - it Di - vine!





## 2 I Am Standing on the Word of God.

E. M. WADSWORTH.

D. B. TOWNER.



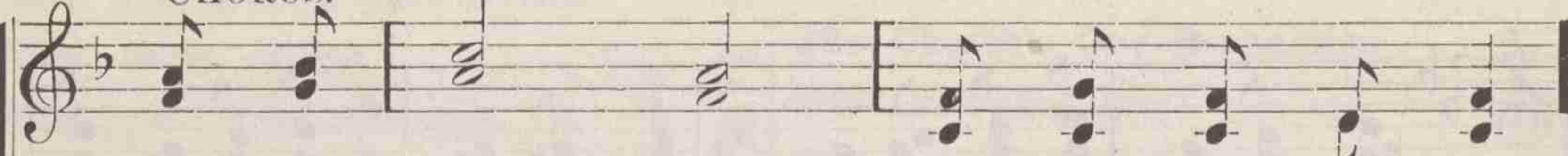
1. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, Which came to men of old;
2. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, 'Tis ho - ly and 'tis true;
3. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, 'Tis full of life di - vine;
4. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, And thus I am se - cure;
5. I am stand-ing on the Word of God, And on my dy - ing bed



The Book the Ho - ly Fa - thers had, Giv - en by love un - told.  
Through ages it has been our Light, With splendor ev - er new.  
God's Spir-it lives in ev - 'ry word And moves in ev - ery line.  
Though blows the tempest wild and hard, 'Twill ev - er - more en - dure.  
I'll share its con - so - la - tions, Lord, When death's dark vale I tread.



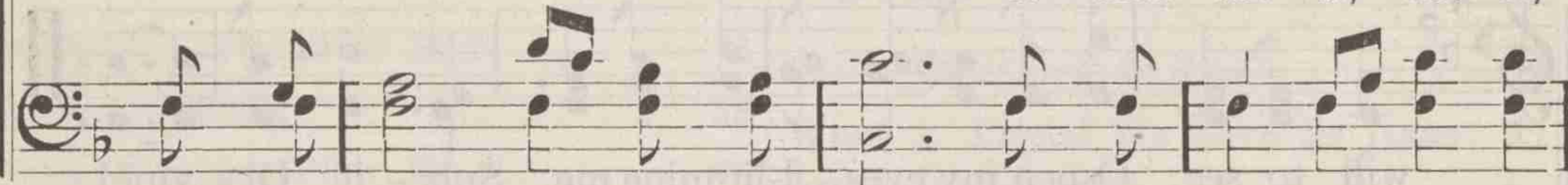
### CHORUS.



I am stand - ing, stand - ing on the Word,  
I am stand - ing, stand - ing,



Though the earth change and de - cay, It shall nev - er,  
It shall nev - er, nev - er,



nev - er pass a - way; I am stand-ing on the Word of God.





# Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

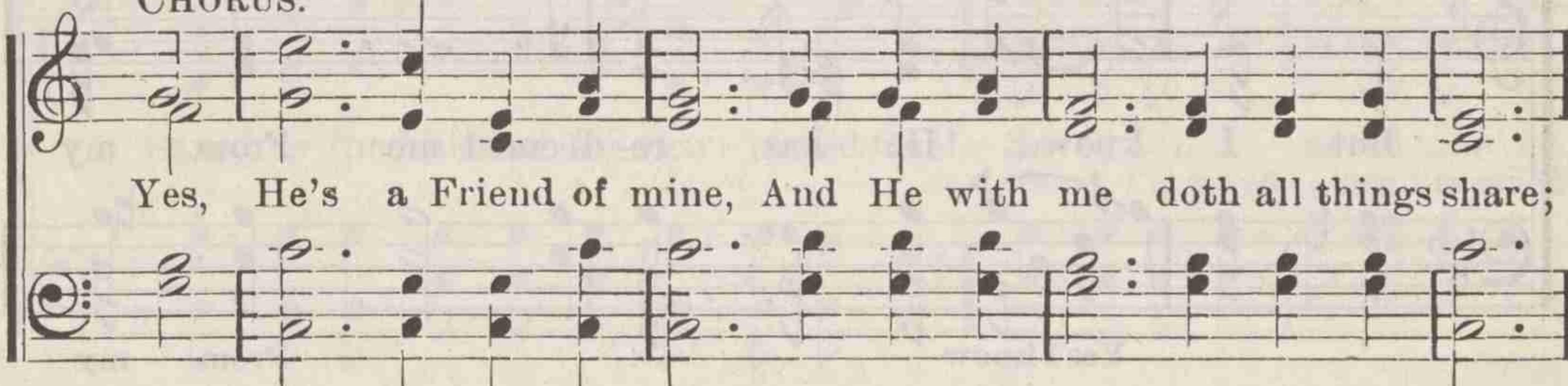


1. Why should I charge my soul with care? The wealth in ev-ery mine  
 2. The glo-rious sun, the sil-ver moon, And all the stars that shine,  
 3. He dai-ly spreads a bounteous feast, And at His ta-ble dine,  
 4. And when He comes in bright ar-ray, And leads the conquering line,



Be-longs to Christ, God's Son and Heir, And He's a Friend of mine.  
 Are His a-lone, yes, ev-'ry one, And He's a Friend of mine.  
 The whole cre-a-tion, man and beast, And He's a Friend of mine.  
 It will be glo-ry then to say, That He's a Friend of mine.

## CHORUS.



Yes, He's a Friend of mine, And He with me doth all things share;



Since all is Christ's and Christ is mine, Why should I have a



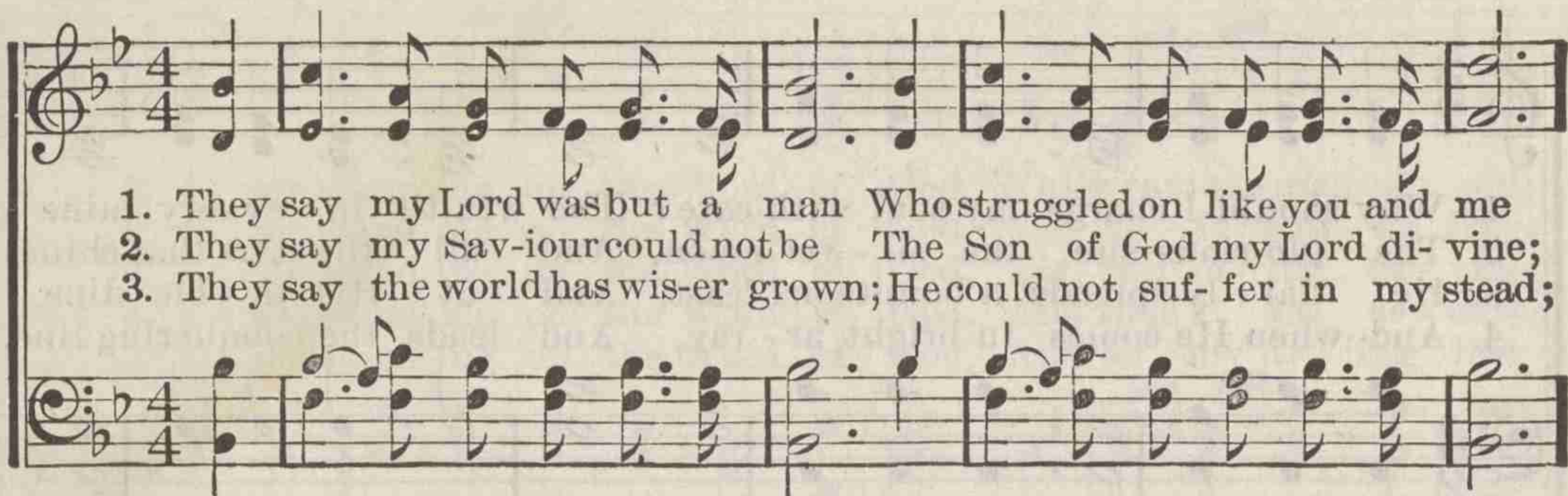
care? For Je-sus is a Friend of mine.



## But I Know!

FRED. P. MORRIS.

ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. They say my Lord was but a man Who struggled on like you and me  
 2. They say my Sav-iour could not be The Son of God my Lord di-vine;  
 3. They say the world has wis-er grown; He could not suf-fer in my stead;



To give the world a per-fect plan Of what a per-fect man should be,  
 That He was but a man like me, With pas-sion in His heart like mine,  
 Nor could He for my sin a-tone, For me His blood could not be shed.

CHORUS. *With Spirit.*


But I know... He has re-deemed me From my  
 Yes I know From my



sin..... He set me free... Yes! I know..... He  
 sin, from my sin Yes! I know, yes I know



has re-deemed me For He died... on Cal - va - ry.





1. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! <sup>1</sup> Ransomed from sin and a
2. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The an - gels re - joic - ing be -
3. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! The Father He spake, and His
4. Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! All hail to the Fa - ther, all



new work be - gun, Sing praise to the Fa - ther and praise to the Son,  
 caus it is done; A child of the Fa - ther, joint - heir with the Son,  
 will it was done; Great price of my par - don, His own precious Son;  
 hail to the Son, All hail to the Spir - it, the great Three in One!



## CHORUS.



Saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One! Saved !..... saved !.....  
 Glo - ry, I'm saved ! glory, I'm saved !



My sins are all pardoned, my guilt is all gone! Saved !.....  
 Glo - ry, I'm saved !



saved !..... I am saved by the blood of the Cru - ci - fied One!  
 glo - ry, I'm saved !





JAMES M. GRAY.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Naught have I got-ten but what I received; Grace has bestowed it since
2. Once I was fool-ish, and sin ruled my heart, Caus-ing my footsteps from
3. Tears un - a-vail-ing, no mer - it had I; Mer - cy had saved me, or
4. Suf - fer a sin-ner whose heart o - ver-flows, Lov - ing His Saviour, to



I have be-lieved; Boast-ing ex-clud-ed, pride I a-base; I'm  
 God to de-part; Je - sus hath found me, hap - py my case; I  
 else I must die; Sin had alarmed me, fear - ing God's face; But  
 tell what he knows; Once more to tell it, would I embrace—I'm



## CHORUS.



on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!  
 now am a sin-ner saved by grace!  
 now I'm a sin-ner saved by grace!  
 on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!

On - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!



On - ly a sin-ner saved by grace! This is my sto - ry, to



God be the glo - ry,—I'm on - ly a sin-ner saved by grace!





## Ivory Palaces.

Suggested by a sermon of DR. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN'S on Psalm 45 : 8, in which Christ is pictured coming out of the ivory palaces of heaven to redeem mankind, clothed in garments which are perfumed with myrrh for beauty, with aloes for bitterness, and with cassia for healing, the fragrance of which remains to tell of His near presence.

H. B.

HENRY BARRACLOUGH.



1. My Lord has garments so wondrous fine, And myrrh their texture fills;
2. His life had al - so its sor - row sore, For al - oes had a part;
3. His garments too were in cas-sia dipped, With heal-ing in a touch;
4. In garments glo-ri-ous He will come, To op - en wide the door;



Its fragrance reach'd to this heart of mine, With joy my be - ing thrills.  
And when I think of the cross He bore, My eyes with tear-drops start.  
Each time my feet in some sin have slipp'd, He took me from its clutch.  
And I shall en-ter my heav'n-ly home, To dwell for ev - er - more.



## CHORUS.

DUET.—*Slowly, softly, and with much expression.*



Out of the iv - o - ry pal - a - ces In - to a world of woe,



## FULL CHORUS.

DUET.—*Very softly.*



On - ly His great e - ter - nal love... Made my Sav-iour go.





# 8 Since the Fullness of His Love Came In.

E. E. HEWITT.

B. D. ACKLEY.



1. Once my way was dark and drear-y, For my heart was full of sin,
2. There is grace for all the low - ly, Grace to keep the trusting soul:
3. Let me spread a-broad the sto - ry, Oth-er souls to Je - sus win;



But the sky is bright and cheery, Since the fullness of His love came in.  
Power to cleanse and make me holy, Je-sus shall my yielded life control.  
For the cross is now my glo - ry, Since the fullness of His love came in.



## CHORUS.



I can never tell how much I love Him, I can never tell His love for me;



For it passeth human measure, Like a deep, unfathomed sea;



deèp, unfathomed sea,



'Tis redeeming love in Christ my Saviour, In my soul the heavenly joys begin;





# Since the Fullness of His Love Came In—Concluded.



And I live for Je - sus on - ly, Since the full-ness of His love came in.



9

## Faith of Our Fathers.

F. W. FABER.

J. G. WALTON.



1. Faith of our fa - thers, liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword,
2. Our fathers, chained in pris-ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, we will strive To win all na - tions un - to thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,



O how our hearts beat high with joy When-e'er we hear that glo-rious word!  
And blest would be their children's fate, If they, like them, should die for thee:  
And thro' the truth that comes from God Man-kind shall then indeed be free:  
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and vir-tuous life:



Faith of our fa - thers, ho - ly faith, We will be true to thee till death.





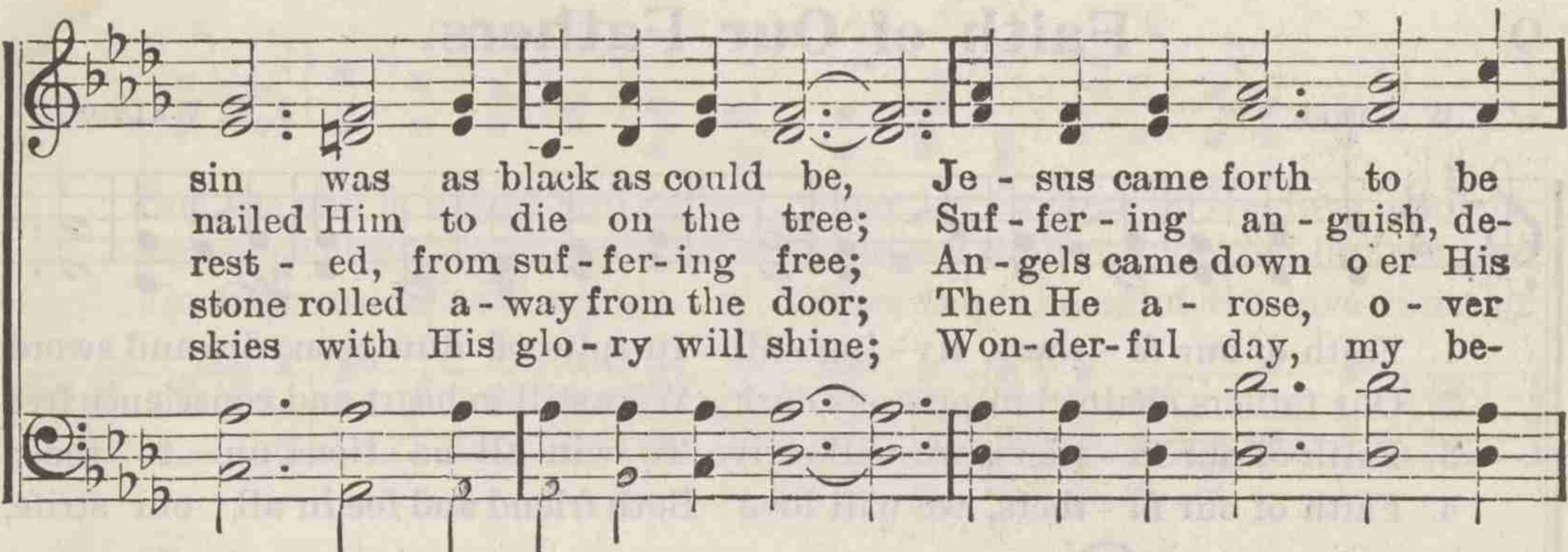
## One Day!

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

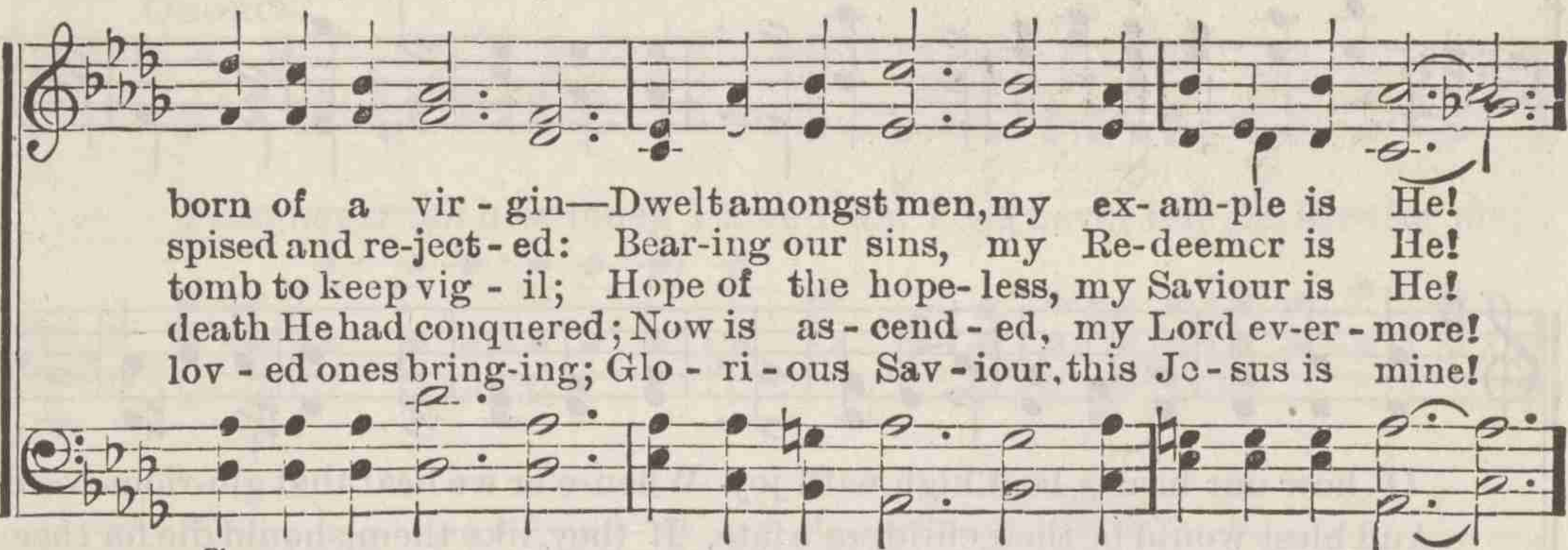
CHAS. H. MARSH.



1. One day when heav-en was filled with His prais-es, One day when  
 2. One day they led Him up Cal-va-ry's mountain, One day they  
 3. One day they left Him a-lone in the gar-den, One day He  
 4. One day the grave could con-ceal Him no lon-ger, One day the  
 5. One day the trum-pet will sound for His com-ing, One day the

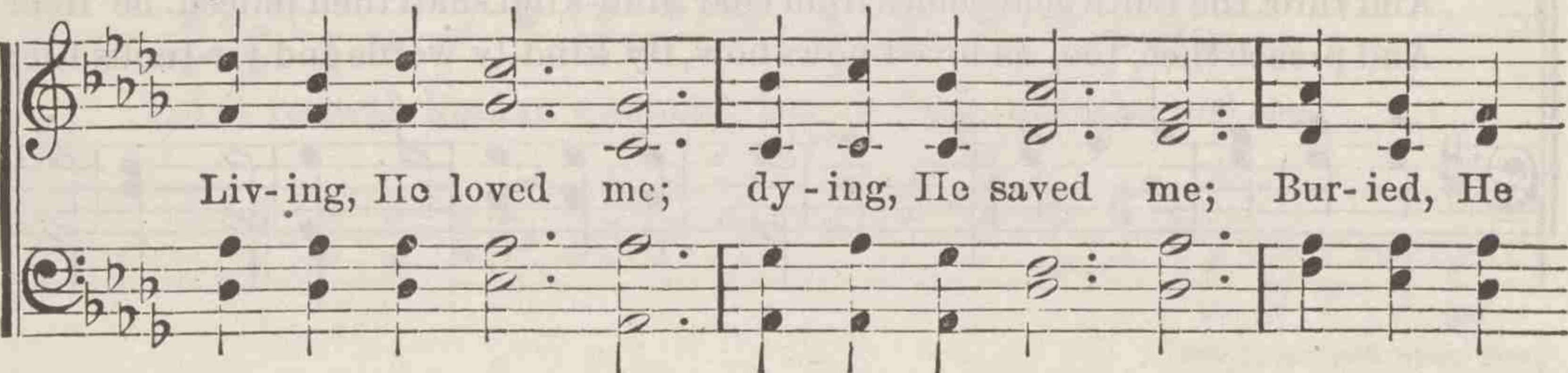


sin was as black as could be, Je-sus came forth to be  
 nailed Him to die on the tree; Suf-fer-ing an-guish, de-  
 rest-ed, from suf-fer-ing free; An-gels came down o'er His  
 stone rolled a-way from the door; Then He a-rose, o-ver  
 skies with His glo-ry will shine; Won-der-ful day, my be-



born of a vir-gin—Dwelt amongst men, my ex-am-ple is He!  
 spised and re-ject-ed: Bear-ing our sins, my Re-deemer is He!  
 tomb to keep vig-il; Hope of the hope-less, my Saviour is He!  
 death He had conquered; Now is as-cend-ed, my Lord ev-er-more!  
 lov-ed ones bring-ing; Glo-ri-ous Sav-iour, this Je-sus is mine!

## CHORUS.



Liv-ing, He loved me; dy-ing, He saved me; Bur-ied, He



car-ried my sins far a-way; Ris-ing, He jus-ti-fied



## One Day!—Concluded.

free-ly for ev - er: One day He's com - ing— O glo - ri - ous day.

## 11 Just a Little Help From You.

MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Do you ever stop, my friend, to think, The while this world your passing thro',
2. Just a lit - tle deed of kind-ness now, It may the faith of one re - store,
3. Just a lit - tle word of Je-sus' love, Some precious soul may help de-cide
4. Let us do our part, ere day is done, And to our call-ing faith-ful be;

Someone may be saved from ru-in's brink, By just a lit - tle help from you?  
 Who beneath some load of grief doth bow, Is al-most read-y to give o'er.  
 To for-sake the wrong and look a-bove, And let the Lord His foot-steps guide.  
 For the world to Christ must now be won, By help of you, by help of me.

### CHORUS.

Just a lit-tle help from you..... Just a lit-tle help from you.....

Just a little help from you, Just a little help from you;

Won-drous things the Lord may do, By just a lit - tle help from you.



## Let Us Crown Him.

Rev. E. PERRONET.  
*Allegro.*

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an-gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - ery kin-dred, ev-ery tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

**CHORUS.**

Let us crown Him,.... Let us crown Him,.... Let us  
 Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us

crown the great Redeemer Lord of all;.... Let us crown Him,....  
 Let us crown Him Lord of all.

Let us crown Him,.. Let us crown Him Lord of all  
 Let us crown Him Lord of all, Let us crown the great Redeemer Lord of all,



## The Church's One Foundation.

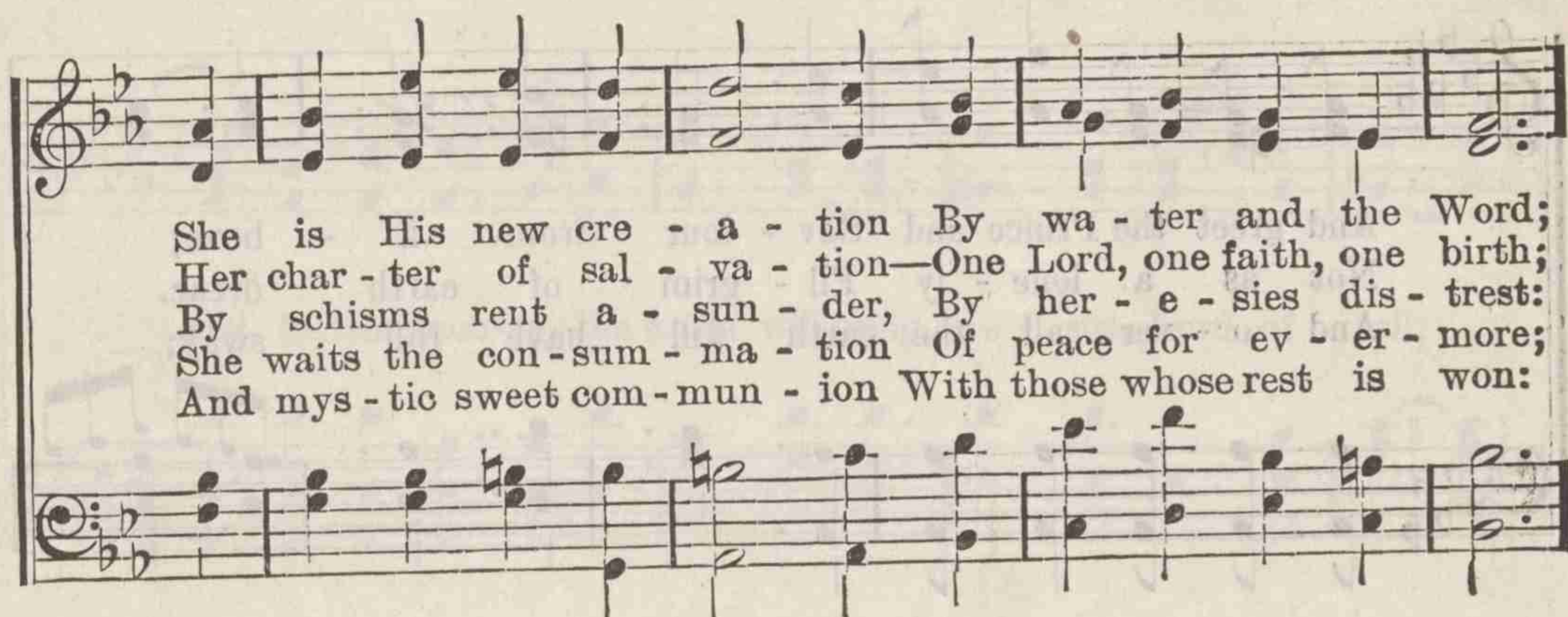
"Christ is the head of the church."—Eph. 5: 25.

S. J. STONE.

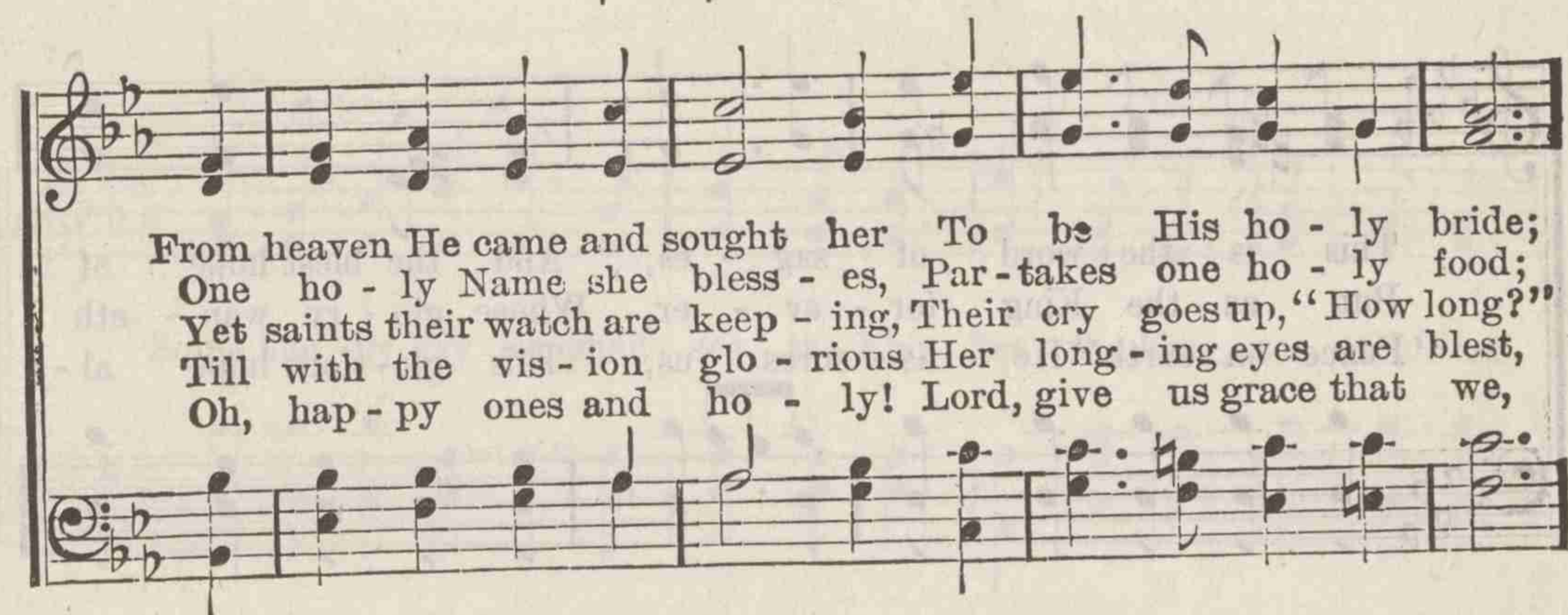
Dr. S. S. WESLEY.



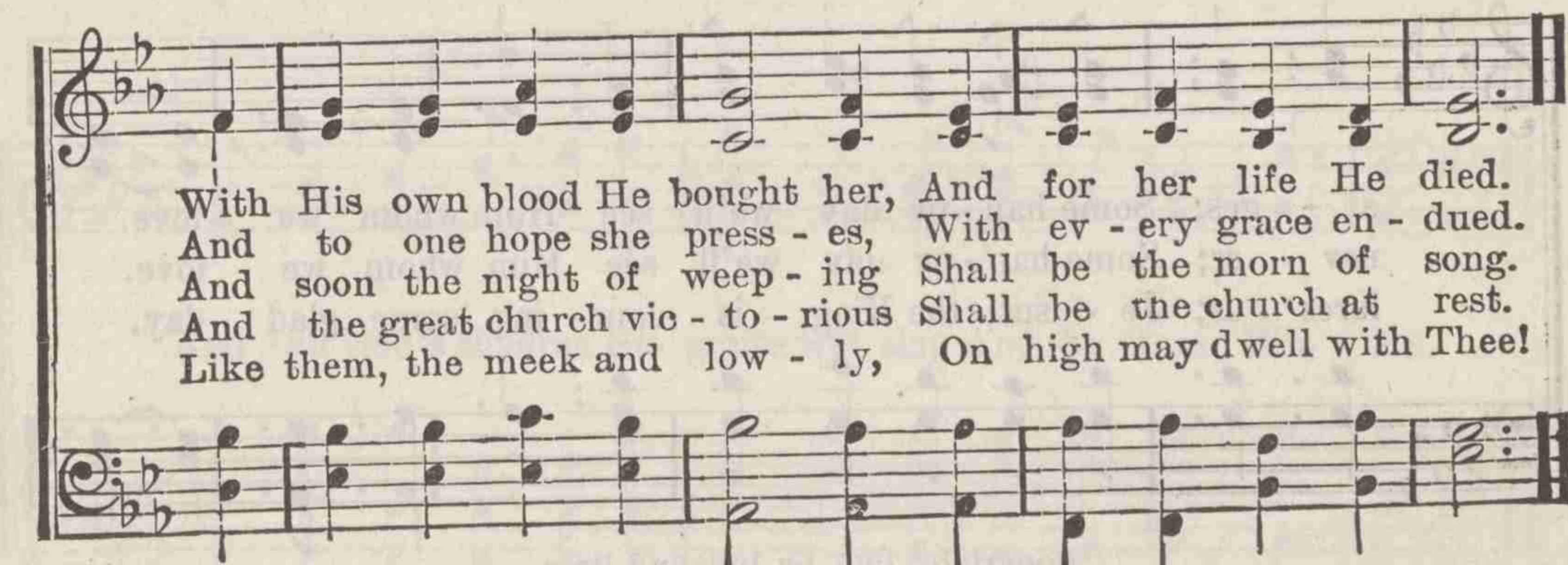
1. The church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;  
 2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth;  
 3. Though with a scorn-ful won - der Men see her sore op - prest,  
 4. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion And tu - mults of her war,  
 5. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,



She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the Word;  
 Her char - ter of sal - va - tion—One Lord, one faith, one birth;  
 By schisms rent a - sun - der, By her - e - sies dis - trest:  
 She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;  
 And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:



From heaven He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride;  
 One ho - ly Name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food;  
 Yet saints their watch are keep - ing, Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
 Till with the vis - ion glo - rious Her long - ing eyes are blest,  
 Oh, hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we,



With His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.  
 And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.  
 And soon the night of weep - ing Shall be the morn of song.  
 And the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.  
 Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee!



# 14 Some Happy Day We Shall See the King.

W. B. J.

W. B. JUDEFIND.



1. Some hap - py day we'll see Him who we love,
2. Not as a lit - tle Babe will He ap - pear,
3. Je - sus, the King is com - ing some glad day;



And greet the Prince and Sav - iour from a - bove;  
Not as a lone - ly Pil - grim of earth drear.  
And o - ver all the earth will have full sway;



This is the word of sag - es, And the blest hope of  
But as the King for - ev - er, Whose glo - ry wan - eth  
"Peace on earth" He as - sures us, This glo - rious hope al -



a - ges; Some hap - py day we'll see Him whom we love.  
nev - er; Some hap - py day we'll see Him whom we love.  
lures us; Je - sus, the King, is com - ing some glad day.





Some Happy Day We Shall See the King—Concluded.

CHORUS. *Faster.*



Some hap - py day we shall see the King, See the King, see the King,



And to Him hom-age the world will bring, Je - sus, Lord of all;



Some hap - py day we shall see the King, See the King, see the King,



And all God's children His praise will sing And be - fore Him fall.

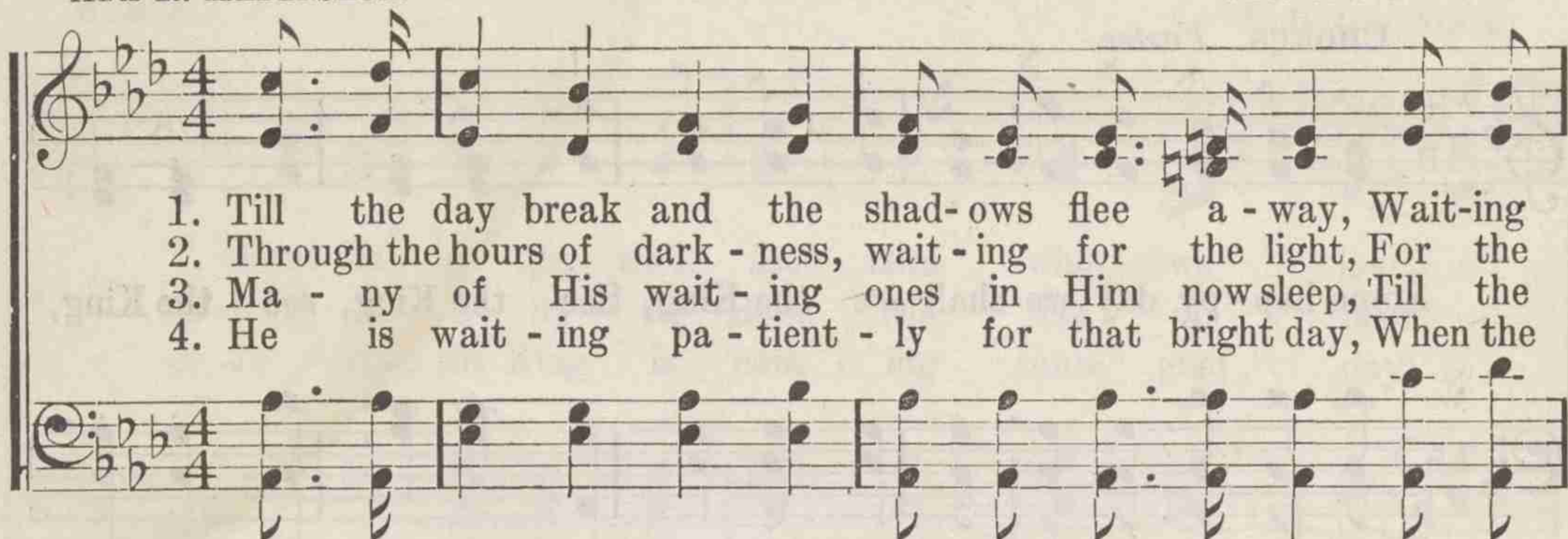




## Till the Day Break.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

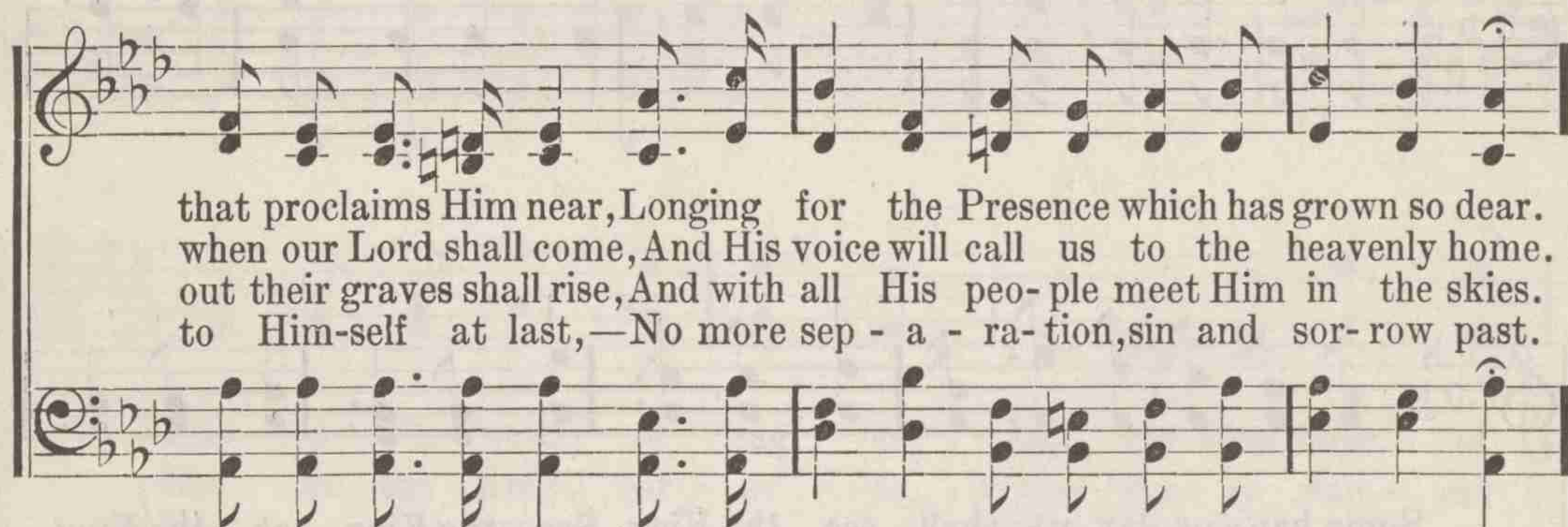
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Till the day break and the shad-ows flee a-way, Wait-ing  
 2. Through the hours of dark-ness, wait-ing for the light, For the  
 3. Ma-ny of His wait-ing ones in Him now sleep, Till the  
 4. He is wait-ing pa-tient-ly for that bright day, When the

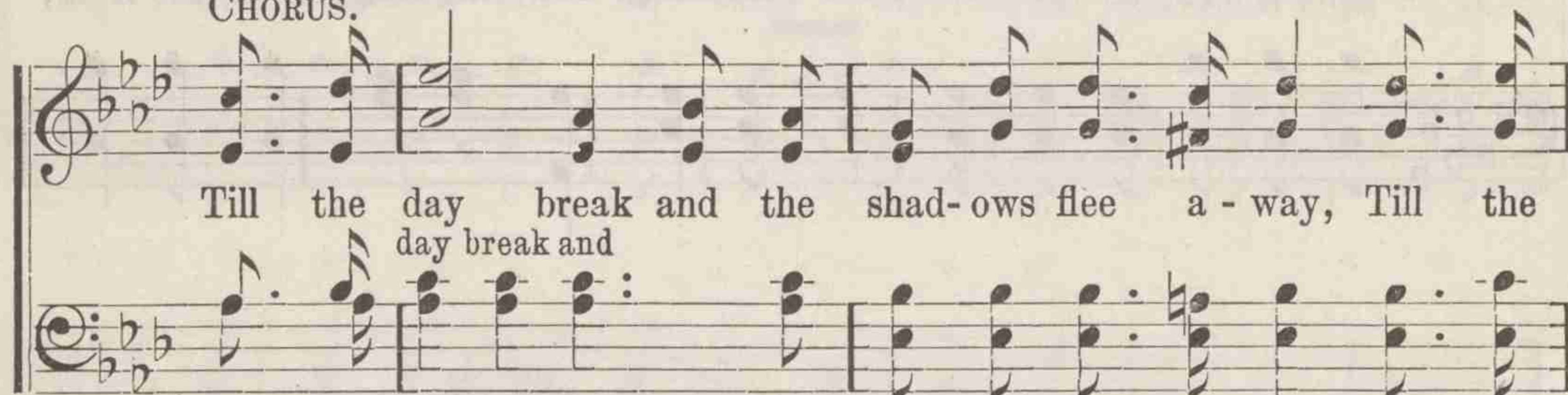


for the shin-ing of the sun's first ray; Look-ing for the brightness  
 cloud-less sun-rise that will end the night; Watching for the morn-ing  
 night be o-ver, earth their dust will keep; But at day-break, they from  
 earth-born shadows will have fled a-way; When He will re-ceive us



that proclaims Him near, Longing for the Presence which has grown so dear.  
 when our Lord shall come, And His voice will call us to the heavenly home.  
 out their graves shall rise, And with all His peo-ple meet Him in the skies.  
 to Him-self at last,—No more sep-a-ration, sin and sor-row past.

## CHORUS.



Till the day break and the shad-ows flee a-way, Till the  
 day break and



day break when He comes a-gain for me; Till the day break and the  
 day break when day break and



## Till the Day Break—Concluded.

shadows flee a-way, Longing for the moment when His face I see.

16

## Alone With Jesus.

WM. C. STOKES.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

*May be used as a Quartet.*

1. A-lone with Je-sus! O how sweet To lay me pros-trate at His feet;  
 2. A-lone with Je-sus! peace-ful rest, Re-clin-ing on His loving breast;  
 3. A-lone with Je-sus! ev-er-more, My Lord, I'll love Thee and a-dore,  
 4. A-lone with Je-sus! none can tell What joy 'twill be with Him to dwell,

To feel His hallowed pres-ence near, My life to bless, my heart to cheer!  
 What joy to hear Him sweet-ly say:—Lean hard on Me, and ev-er stay!  
 'Till Thou dost kind-ly bid me come To dwell in Thy e-ter-nal Home.  
 To chant His love, to sing His praise, And un-to Him our anthems raise.

CHORUS.


A-lone with Je-sus! O how sweet To be for such a bless-ing meet;

To know His love, to feel His care, And all His rich-est blessings share!




EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

*Moderato.*



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,  
 2. I know not how this sav-ing faith To me He did im-part,  
 3. I know not how the Spir-it moves, Con-vinc-ing men of sin,  
 4. I know not what of good or ill May be re-served for me,  
 5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,





Nor why un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re-deemed me for His own.  
 Nor how be-liev-ing In His Word Wrought peace within my heart.  
 Re-veal-ing Je-sus thro' the Word, Cre-at-ing faith in Him.  
 Of wea-ry ways or gold-en days, Be-fore His face I see.  
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



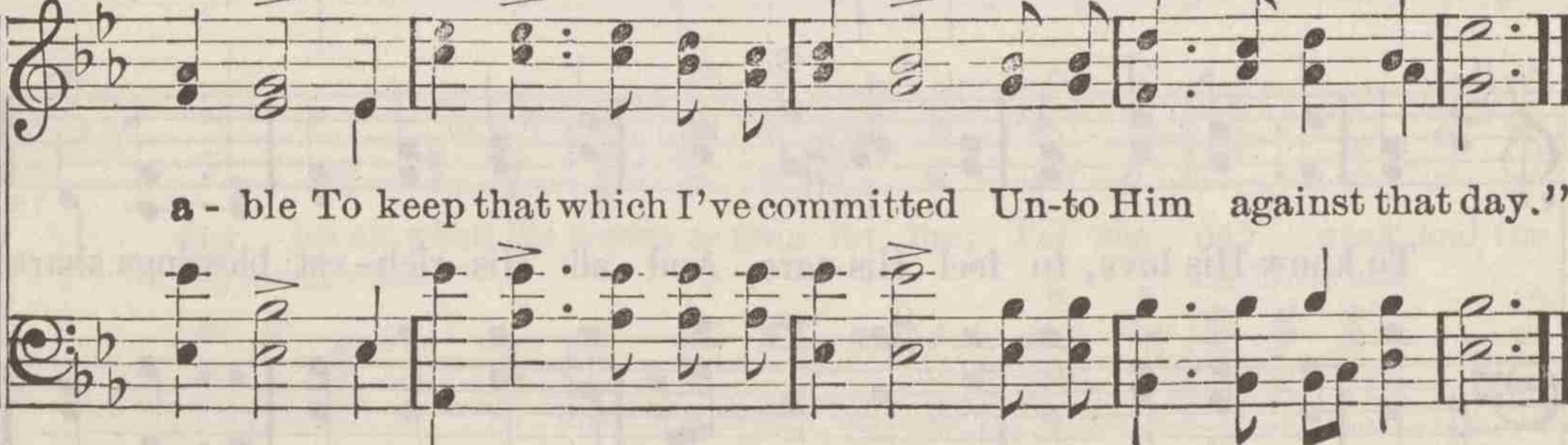
## CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be-liev-ed, And am per-suad-ed that He is



a-ble To keep that which I've committed Un-to Him against that day."

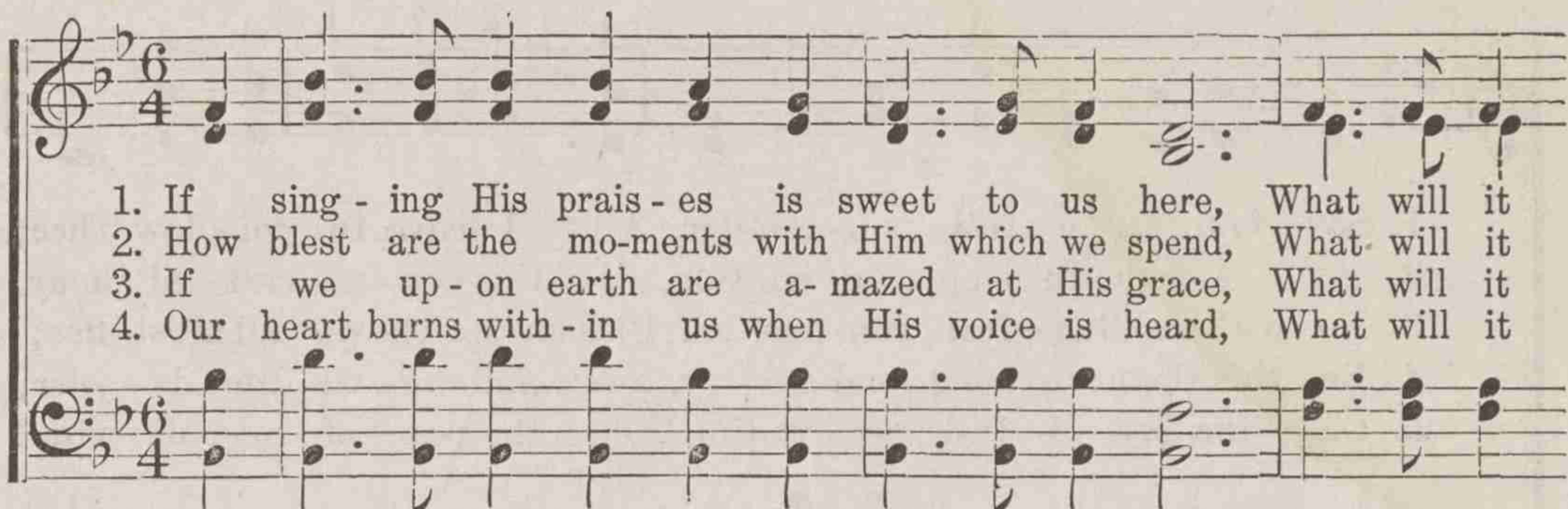




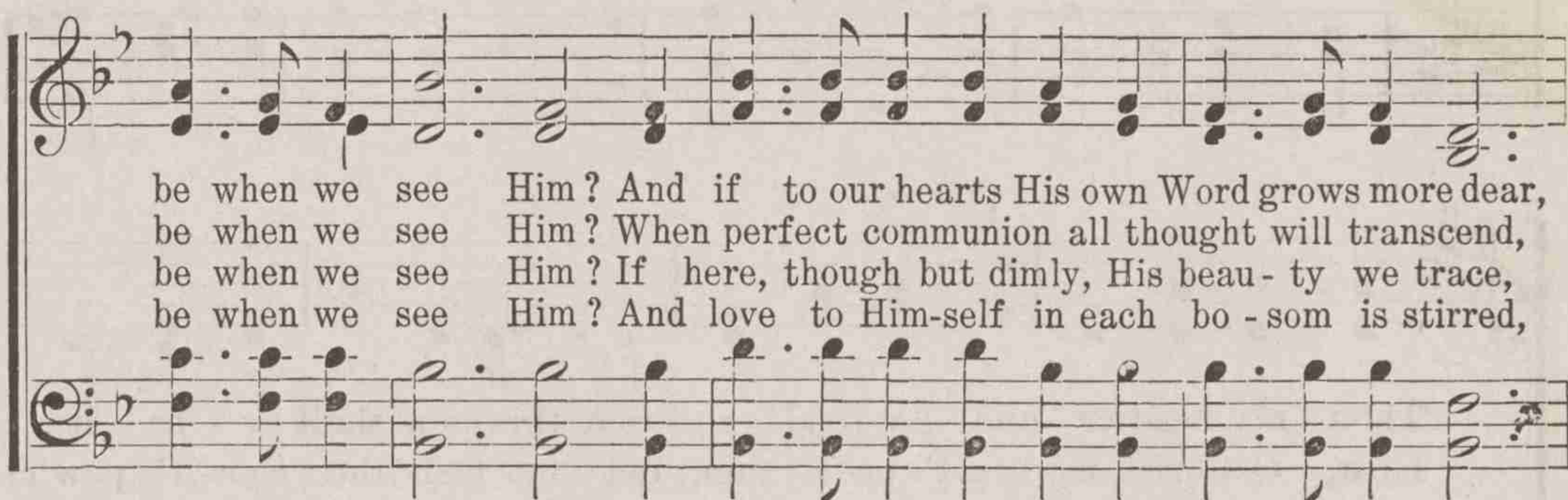
# 18 What Will it Be When We See Him?

ADA R. HABERSHON.

D. B. TOWNER.

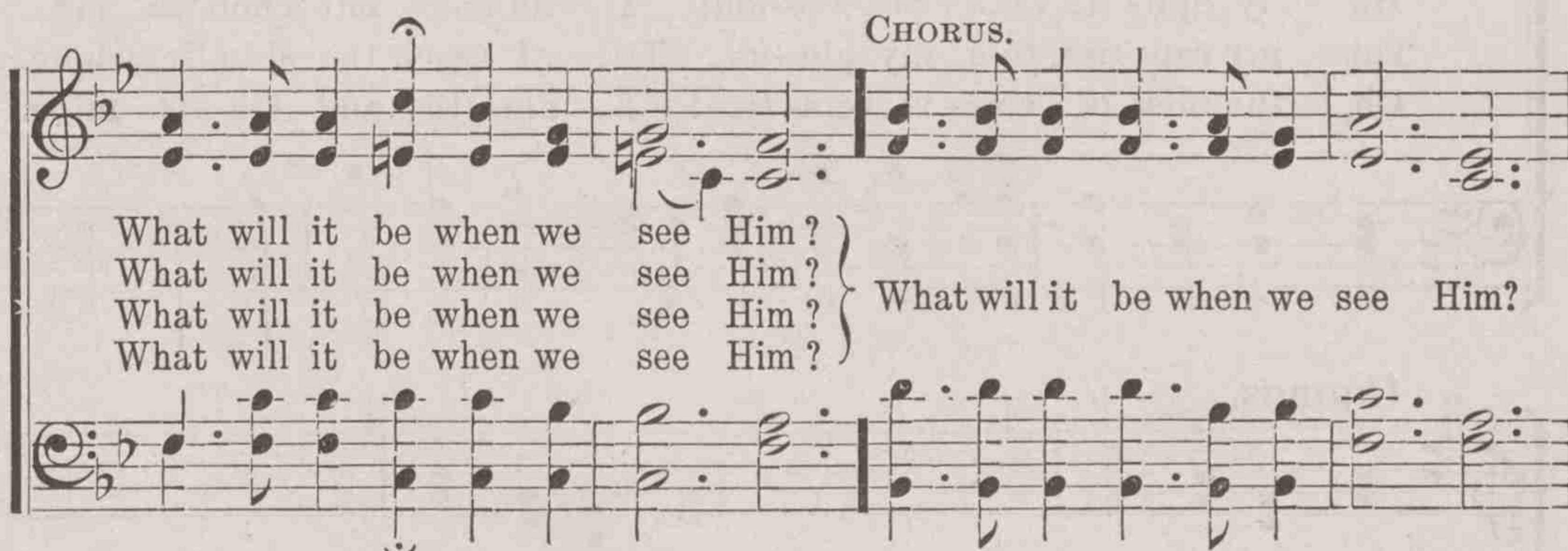


1. If sing - ing His prais - es is sweet to us here, What will it  
 2. How blest are the mo - ments with Him which we spend, What will it  
 3. If we up - on earth are a - mazed at His grace, What will it  
 4. Our heart burns with - in us when His voice is heard, What will it



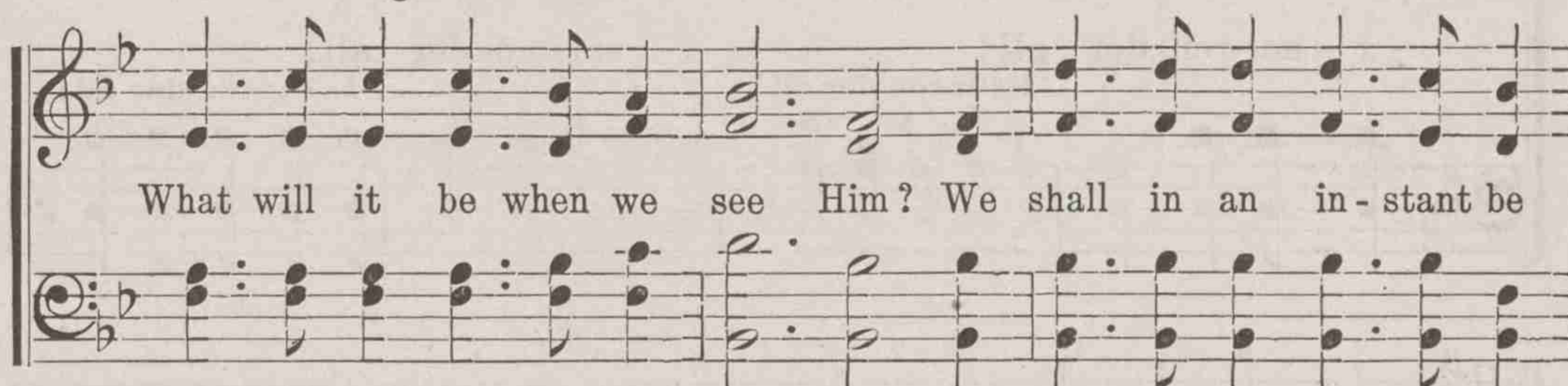
be when we see Him? And if to our hearts His own Word grows more dear,  
 be when we see Him? When perfect communion all thought will transcend,  
 be when we see Him? If here, though but dimly, His beau - ty we trace,  
 be when we see Him? And love to Him - self in each bo - som is stirred,

CHORUS.

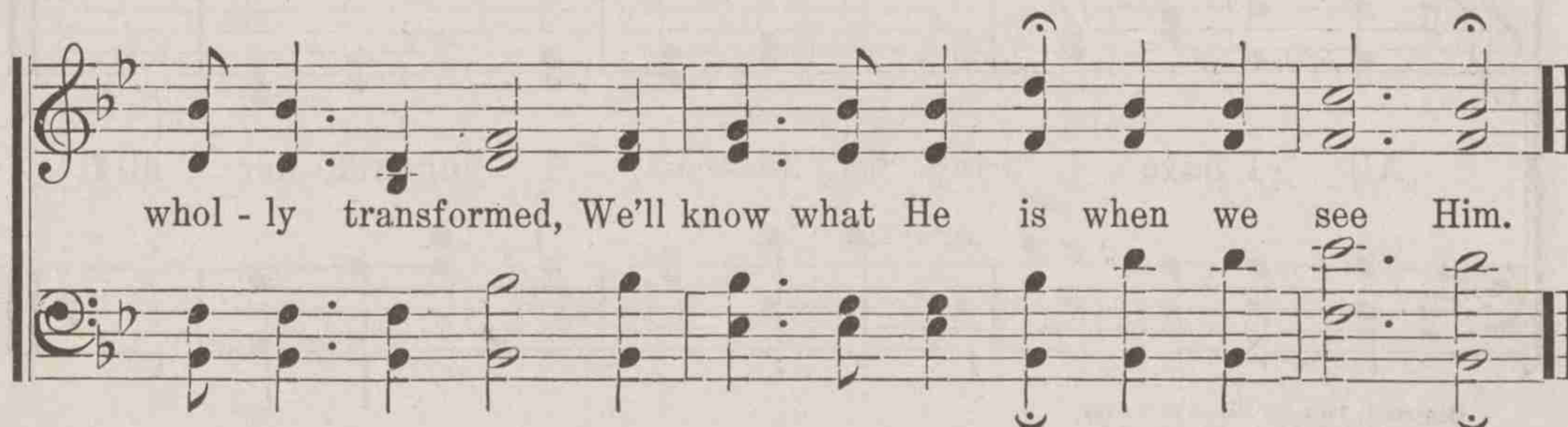


What will it be when we see Him?  
 What will it be when we see Him?  
 What will it be when we see Him?  
 What will it be when we see Him?

What will it be when we see Him?



What will it be when we see Him? We shall in an in - stant be



whol - ly transformed, We'll know what He is when we see Him.



## Full Surrender.

REBECCA S. POLLARD.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. Sav - iour, 'tis a full sur - ren - der, All I leave to fol - low Thee;
2. As I come in deep con - tri - tion, At this con - se - crat - ed hour,
3. No with - holding—full con - fess - ion; Pleasures, rich - es, all must flee;
4. Be this theme my song and sto - ry, Now and un - til life is o'er;
5. Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Oh, the peace of love di - vine!



Thou my Lead - er and De - fend - er From this hour shalt ev - er be.  
 Hear, O Christ, my heart's pe - ti - tion, Let me feel the Spir - it's pow'r!  
 Ho - ly Spir - it, take pos - sess - ion! I no more, but Thou in me.  
 This my rapt - ure, this my glo - ry, Till I reach the shin - ing shore.  
 Oh, the bliss of con - se - cra - tion! I am His, and He is mine.



## CHORUS.



I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!  
 I sur - ren - der all! I sur - ren - der all!




All I have I bring to Je - sus, I sur - ren - der all!







EL NATHAN.


JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?  
 2. Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride;  
 3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;  
 4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue pleading; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;



Why art thou for-ev-er pleading? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?  
 Ah, why dost thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?  
 Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied?  
 I ac-cept the cross of Je-sus, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied.





## CHORUS.




I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,  
 I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I

When I a-wake in His likeness, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,  
 I shall be sat-is-fied,

I..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I awake in His like-ness.  
 I shall be satisfied, I





## What Will it Be?

FRED. P. MORRIS.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. There are glo-ries un-told in that cit - y of gold, On the brink of the  
 2. There are some who have died that His name should a-bide, There are some who have  
 3. When in won-der I stand with my hand in His hand, In that home with the  
 4. When the love-light doth shine from His eyes into mine, While the face that was

beau-ti - ful riv - er; Its won-der-ful light will burst on my sight, But  
 lived for His glo - ry; What bliss will it be, their fa - ces to see, But  
 ransomed for - ev - er, The sor - row all pass'd, triumphant at last, Oh,  
 marred is up - lift - ed, With rap-ture complete, His smile I shall meet, Oh,

CHORUS.  
 What will it be to see Je - sus? What will it be to see

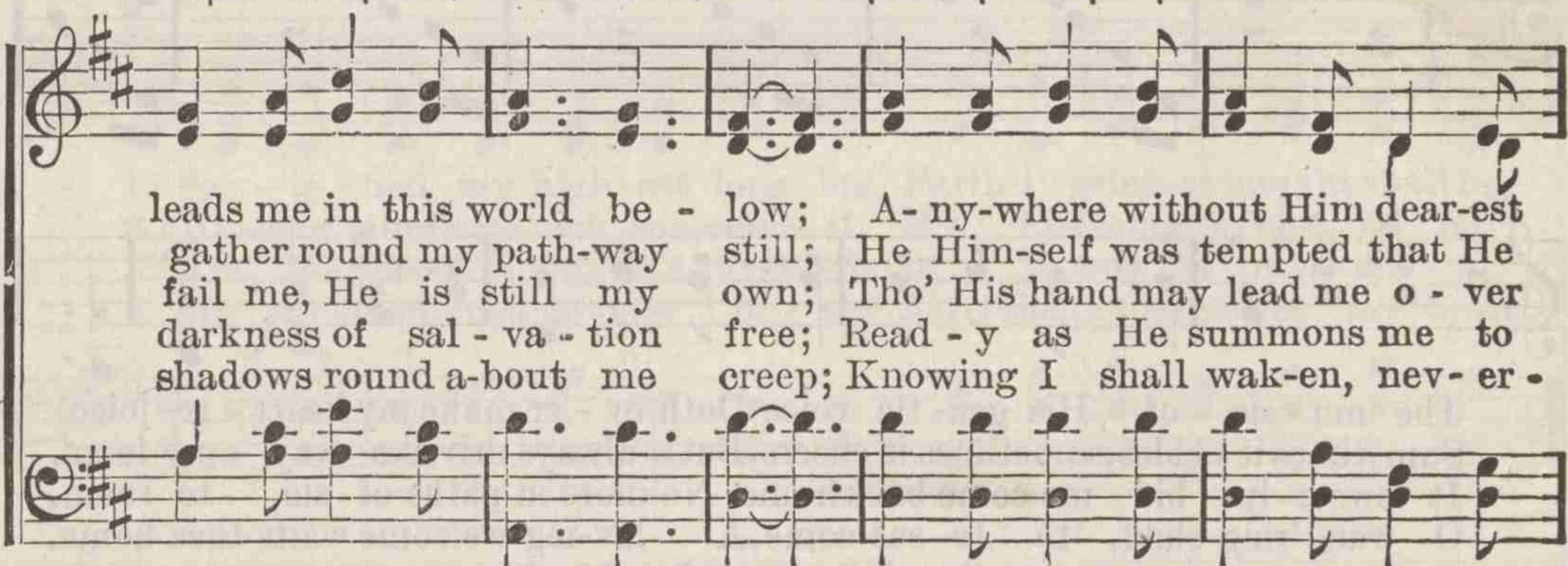
[Je - sus, What will it be to see Him? There are glo-ries un-

told in that cit - y of gold, But what will it be to see Je - sus?





1. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe - ly go; A - ny-where He  
 2. A-ny-where with Je-sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp-ta-tions  
 3. A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a - lone; Other friends may  
 4. A-ny-where with Je-sus o - ver land and sea, Tell- ing souls in  
 5. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning



leads me in this world be - low; A - ny-where without Him dear-est  
 gather round my path-way still; He Him-self was tempted that He  
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver  
 darkness of sal - va - tion free; Read - y as He summons me to  
 shadows round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en, nev - er -



joys would fade; A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a - fraid.  
 might help me; A-ny-where with Je-sus I may vic - tor be.  
 drea - ry ways, A-ny-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.  
 go or stay, A-ny-where with Je-sus when He points the way.  
 more to roam, A-ny-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

## CHORUS.



A - ny-where! A - ny-where! Fear I can - not know;  
 A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.



W. B. J.

W. B. JUDEFIND.

*Duet.*

1. My Father's voice each day I hear, He speaks to com- fort and to cheer;
2. My Father's voice, the Spir-it true, Tells me each day what I should do;
3. My Father's voice I heard one day, When far from home I'd gone a-stray;
4. My Father's voice now calls to thee, He would thy soul from sin set free;



The mu - sic of His gen - tle voice Doth ev - er make my heart re - joice!  
 Sometimes it chides, sometimes it cheers, But always drives a - way my fears.  
 It sweet - ly bid me come back home, No more in paths of sin to roam.  
 O wand'ring child, to Je - sus come, A lov - ing welcome waits thee home.

**CHORUS.**

This voice so dear.....

And calls me



This voice so dear now speaks with - in,.....



from..... the ways of sin;..... To Christ God bids.....



And calls me from, from sin, the ways of sin;

To Christ God bids





## My Father's Voice—Concluded.

the sin-ner come..... And find in Him the soul's sweet home.  
in Him

24

## When His Face I See.

MAUD FRAZER.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. Sat - is - fied my high-est long-ing, Earth-ly griefs as naught shall be,  
2. Hu-man mind can-not con-ceive it, My Redeemer's face so fair;  
3. Tho' oft-times the way He lead-eth, Is a way of mys-ter - y;  
4. He my tongue can nev - er ut - ter All the praise within my heart;

When I wake with Christ in glo - ry, When His face I see.  
But I know they need no sun-shine, But His smile up there.  
There shall be no more of dark-ness When His face I see.  
There, in heav-en's song of tri-umph, I shall have a part.

CHORUS.

When His face I see, When His face I see;  
Oh, the joy for me a - wait-ing, When His face I see.



# 25 "There Shall Be Showers of Blessing."

EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Precious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord!
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,
5. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing." If we but trust and o-bey;



There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.  
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bundance of rain.  
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing; Come, and now hon-our Thy Word.  
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!  
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, If we let God have His way.



## CHORUS.

Show - ers of bless - ing,



Show-ers, show-ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;



Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead,





## Trust and Obey.

"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Proverbs xxi, 20.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo-ry He
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love Un-til all on the
5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His



sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,  
drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear  
rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross  
al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,  
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—



## CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.	} Trust and o - bey, for there's
Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.	
But is blest if we trust and o - bey.	
Are for them who will trust and o - bey.	
Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.	



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o - bey.







## The Crowning Day.

EL NATHAN.


JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Our Lord is now re-ject-ed, And by the world dis-owned;  
 2. The heavens shall glow with splendor, But brighter far than they,  
 3. Our pain shall then be o-ver, We'll sin and sigh no more;  
 4. Let all that look for, has-ten The com-ing joy-ful day,




By the ma-ny still neg-lect-ed, And by the few en-throned;  
 The saints shall shine in glo-ry, As Christ shall them ar-ray:  
 Be-hind us all of sor-row, And naught but joy be-fore—  
 By ear-nest con-se-cra-tion, To walk the nar-row way;




But soon He'll come in glo-ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh, For the  
 The beau-ty of the Sav-iour, Shall daz-zle ev-ery eye, In the  
 A joy in our Re-deem-er, As we to Him are nigh, In the  
 By gath-ering in the lost ones, For whom our Lord did die, For the

CHORUS.



crowning day is coming by and by.  
 crowning day that's coming by and by.  
 crowning day that's coming by and by.  
 crowning day that's coming by and by. } Oh, the crowning day is coming,



Is com-ing by and by, When our Lord shall come in "pow-er,"



## The Crowning Day.—Concluded.

And "glo-ry" from on high; Oh, the glo-rious sight will gladden, Each  
waiting, watchful eye, In the crowning day that's coming by and by.

28

## The Gospel of Thy Grace.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. The gospel of Thy grace My stubborn heart has won, For "God so loved the  
2. The ser-pent "lift-ed up" Could life and heal-ing give, So Je - sus on the  
3. "The soul that sinneth dies:" My awful doom I heard; I was for ev - er  
4. "Not to condemn the world," The "Man of Sorrows" came; But that the world might  
5. "Lord, help my un - be - lief!" Give me the peace of faith, To rest with child-like

### CHORUS.

world He gave His on-ly Son, That  
cross Bids me to look and live; For  
lost, But for Thy gracious word That } "Who-so-ev-er will believe, shall  
have Salvation through His name; For  
trust On what Thy gos-pel saith, That }

ev-er-last-ing life receive! Shall ev - er - last - ing life re - ceive!"



# Are You Ready for the Coming?

"And now little children abide in him: that, when he shall appear, we may have confidence and not be ashamed before him at his coming." 1 JOHN 2: 28.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



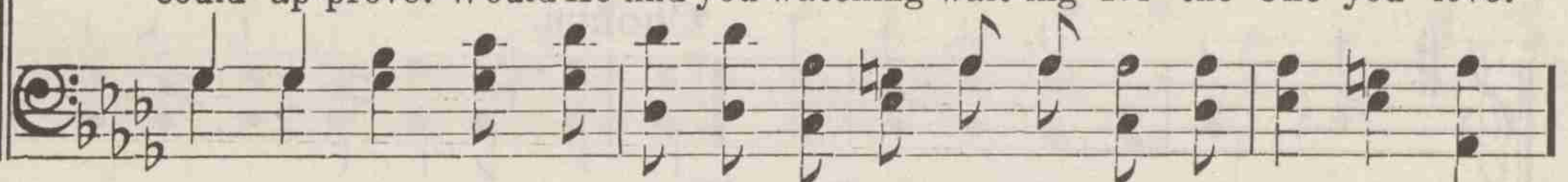
1. Are you read - y for the com-ing of the Lord from heav'n? Are you rest-ing
2. If He came to call His peo-ple would you be dis-mayed? Tho' your sins have
3. To this world with all its pleasures are you root-ed fast? Would a call to
4. Are you bus - y in His serv-ice tho' your heart is cold? Are there precious



in the promise which to us is giv'n? Does your heart leap up with rapture as you been for-giv-en would you be a afraid? Would you be ashamed to meet Him if He leave it quickly be a wrench at last? When He views your finished life-work will you earthly treasures which you fondly hold! Would He find you doing on-ly what He



know He's near? Or do thoughts of His ap-pear-ing fill your heart with fear? came to - day? From the pres-ence of the Mas-ter would you shrink a - way? suf - fer loss? Will you find that you have gathered on - ly worth-less dross? could ap-prove? Would He find you watching wait-ing for the One you love?



## CHORUS.



Are you read-y, (I am read-y,) are you read-y, (I am ready,) Are you



read - y for the op'ning skies? (op'ning skies?) Are you read-y, (I am read-y,)





## Are You Ready for the Coming?—Concluded.

Are you read-y, (I am read-y,) Are you ready for that glad surprise (surprise)?

30

## I Remember Calvary.

Rev. W. C. MARTIN,

J. M. BLACK.

1. Where He may lead me I will go, For I have learned to trust Him so;  
2. O I de-light in His command, Love to be led by His dear hand;  
3. On-ward I go, nor doubt nor fear, Hap-py with Christ, my Sav-iour, near;

And I re-mem-ber 'twas for me, That He was slain on Cal-va-ry.  
His di-vine will is sweet to me, Hal-lowed by blood-stained Cal-va-ry.  
Trust-ing that I some day shall see Je-sus, my Friend, of Cal-va-ry.

### CHORUS.

Je-sus shall lead me night and day, Je-sus shall lead me all the way;

He is the tru-est Friend to me, For I re-mem-ber Cal-va-ry.



## He Will Hold Me Fast.

"Thy right hand shall hold me."—Psalm cxxxix, 10.

ADA R. HABERSHON.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. When I fear my faith will fail, Christ will hold me fast;  
 2. I could nev - er keep my hold, He must hold me fast;  
 3. I am pre-cious in His sight, He will hold me fast;  
 4. He'll not let my soul be lost, Christ will hold me fast;

*rall.*

When the tempt-er would pre - vail, He can hold me fast.....  
 For my love is oft - en cold, He must hold me fast.....  
 Those He saves are His de - light, He will hold me fast.....  
 Bought by Him at such a cost, He will hold me fast.....

REFRAIN. *a tempo.*

He will hold me fast, hold me fast, He will hold me fast; hold me fast;

*rall.*

For my Sav - iour loves me so, He will hold me fast.

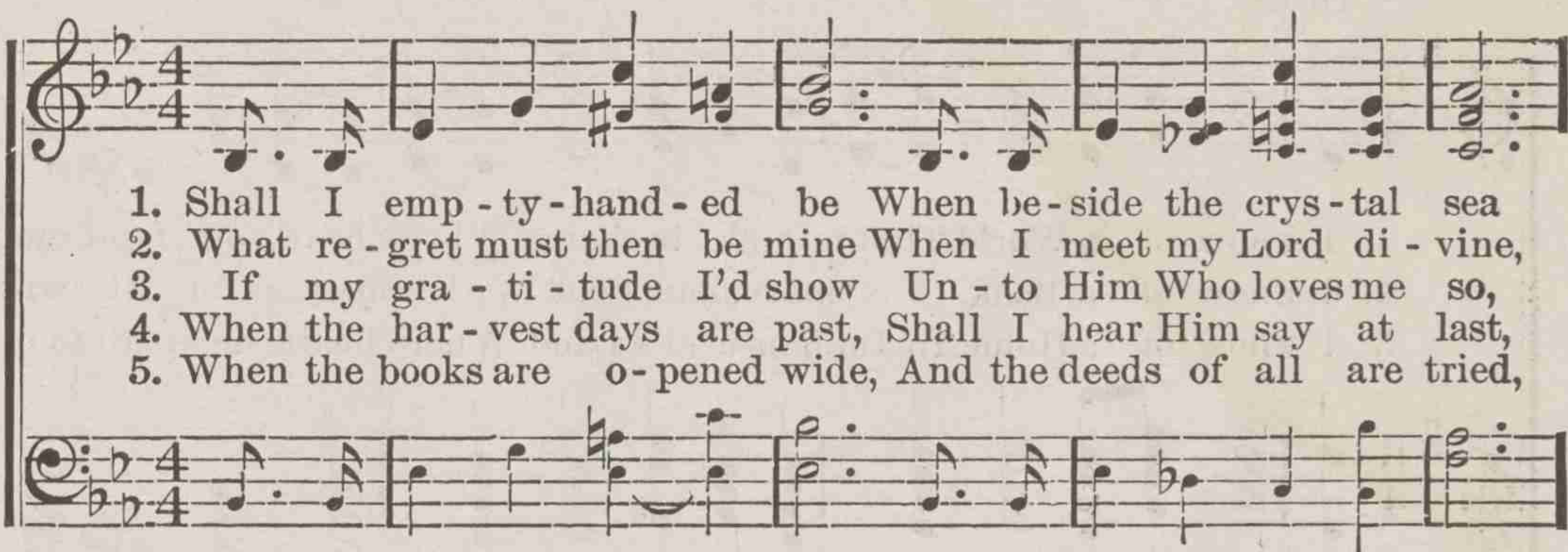


## Shall I Empty-Handed Be?

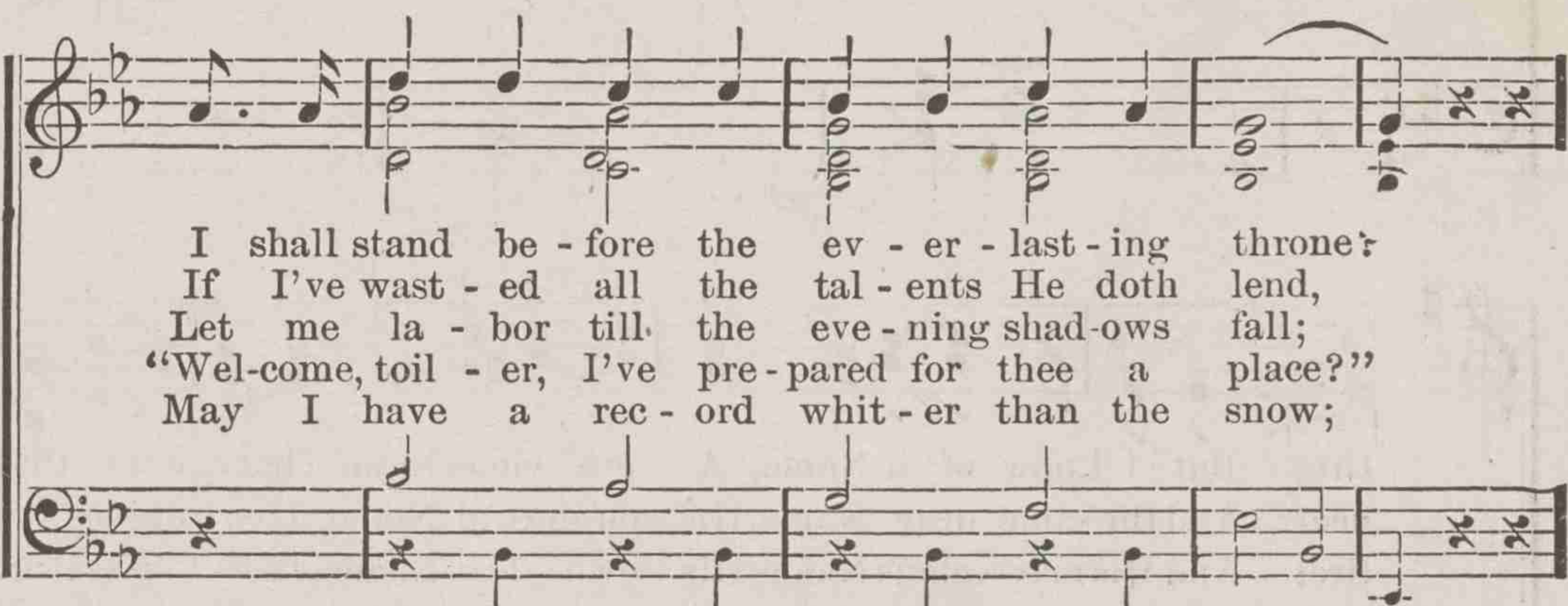
Rev. NEAL A. MCAULAY.  
MAUD FRAZER.

A Hymn for Workers.

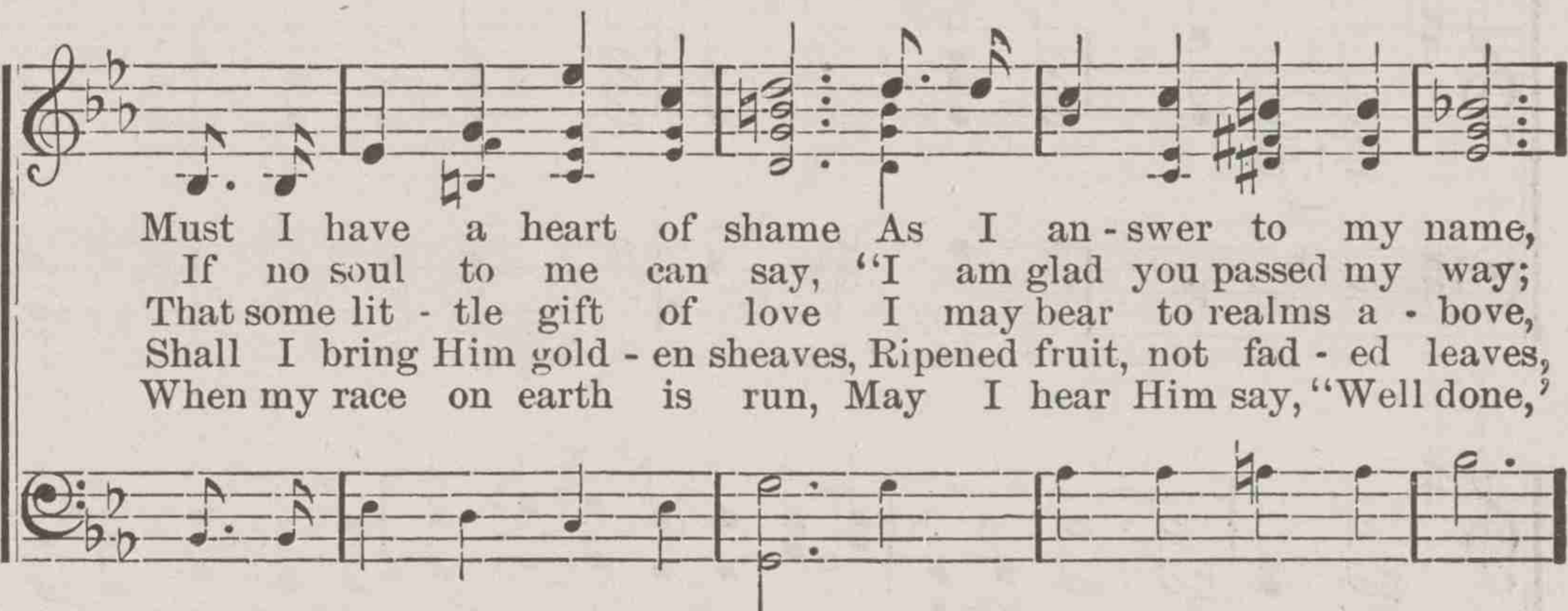
JOHN P. HILLIS.



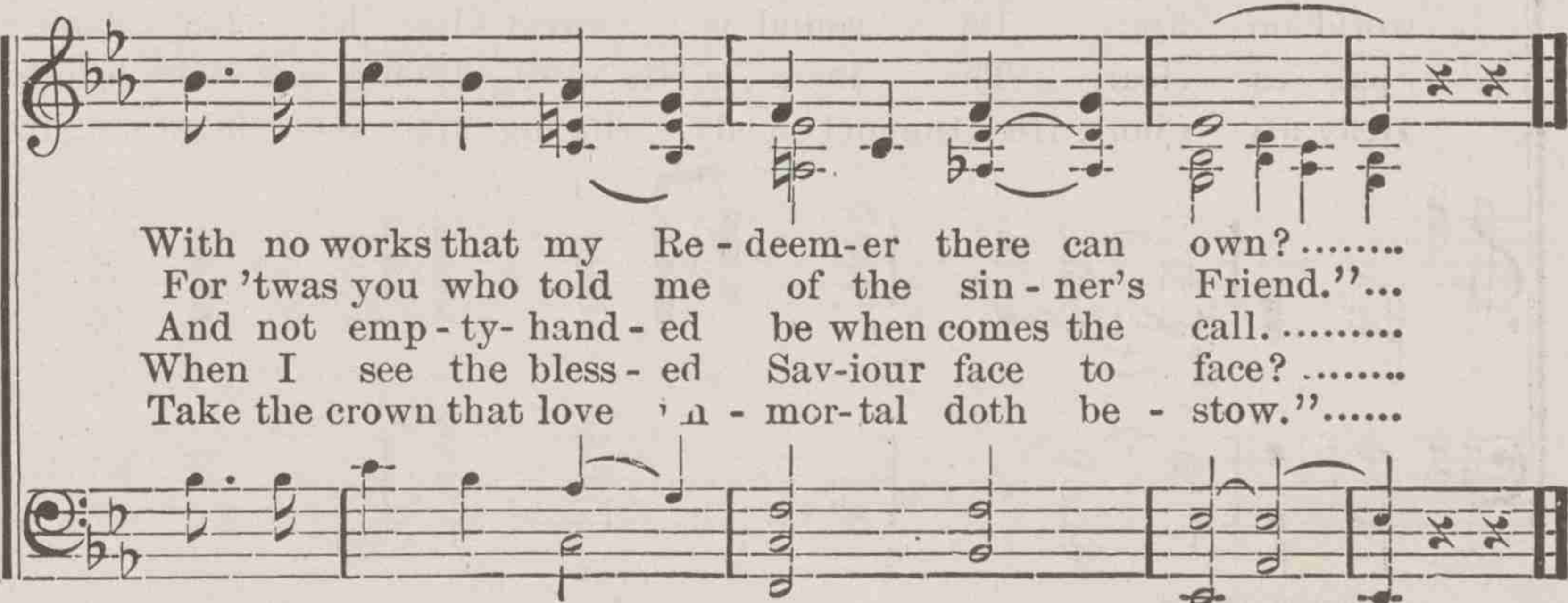
1. Shall I emp - ty - hand - ed be When be - side the crys - tal sea  
2. What re - gret must then be mine When I meet my Lord di - vine,  
3. If my gra - ti - tude I'd show Un - to Him Who loves me so,  
4. When the har - vest days are past, Shall I hear Him say at last,  
5. When the books are o - pened wide, And the deeds of all are tried,



I shall stand be - fore the ev - er - last - ing throne;  
If I've wast - ed all the tal - ents He doth lend,  
Let me la - bor till the eve - ning shad - ows fall;  
"Wel - come, toil - er, I've pre - pared for thee a place?"  
May I have a rec - ord whit - er than the snow;



Must I have a heart of shame As I an - swer to my name,  
If no soul to me can say, "I am glad you passed my way;  
That some lit - tle gift of love I may bear to realms a - bove,  
Shall I bring Him gold - en sheaves, Ripened fruit, not fad - ed leaves,  
When my race on earth is run, May I hear Him say, "Well done,"



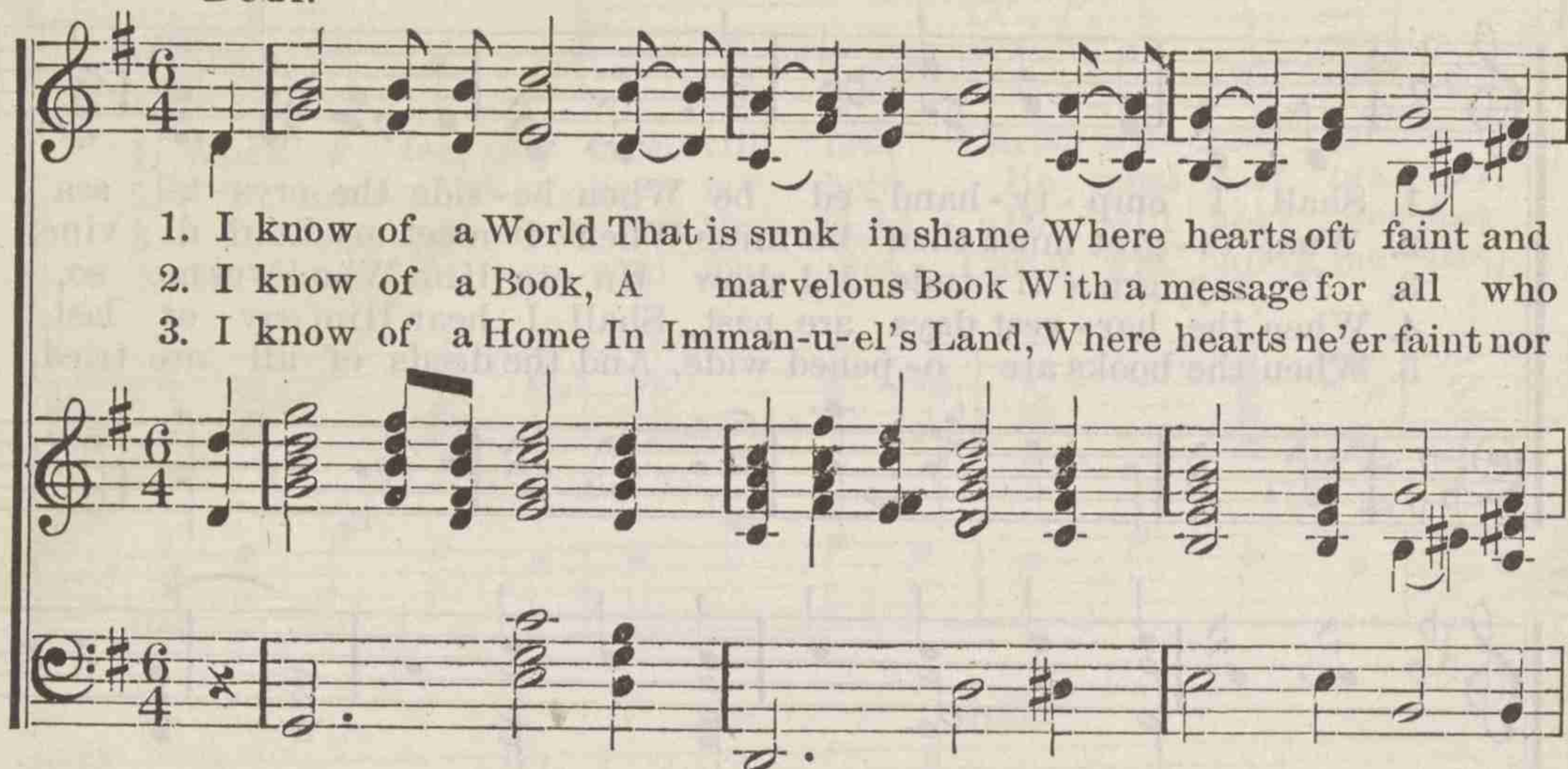
With no works that my Re - deem - er there can own?.....  
For 'twas you who told me of the sin - ner's Friend."...  
And not emp - ty - hand - ed be when comes the call.....  
When I see the bless - ed Sav - iour face to face?.....  
Take the crown that love in a - mor - tal doth be - stow.".....



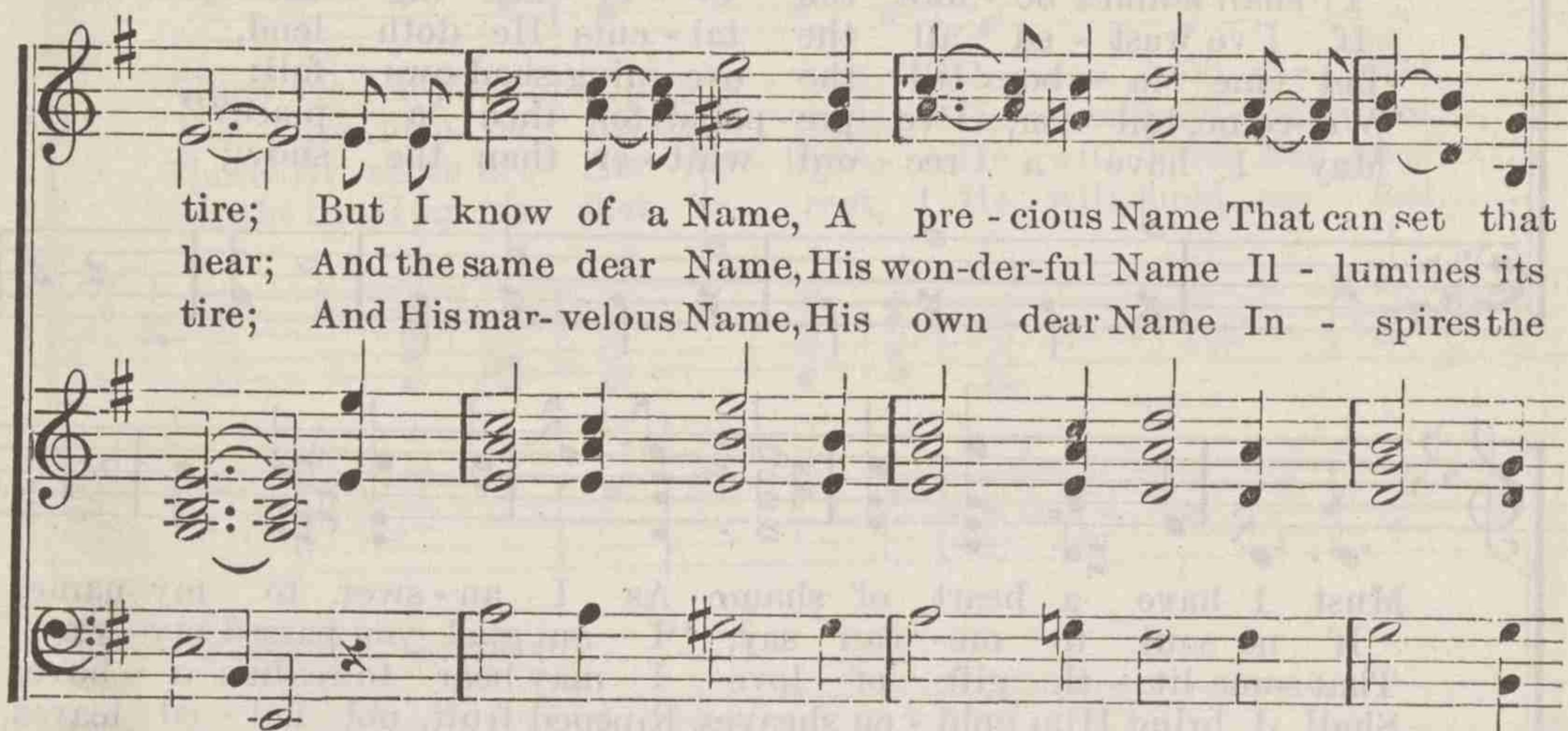
Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

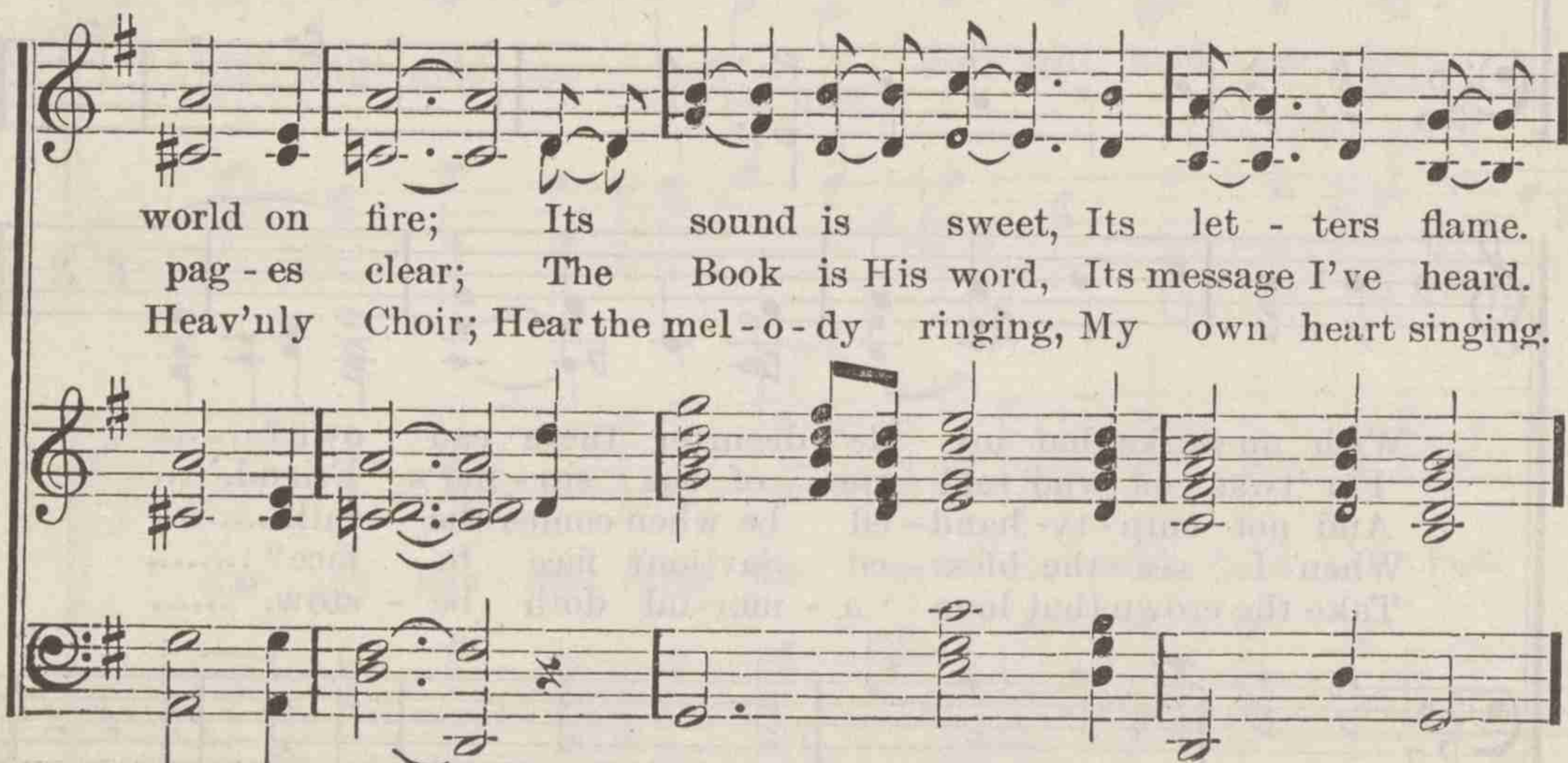
DUET.



1. I know of a World That is sunk in shame Where hearts oft faint and  
 2. I know of a Book, A marvelous Book With a message for all who  
 3. I know of a Home In Imman-u-el's Land, Where hearts ne'er faint nor



tire; But I know of a Name, A pre-cious Name That can set that  
 hear; And the same dear Name, His won-der-ful Name Il-lumines its  
 tire; And His mar-velous Name, His own dear Name In-spires the

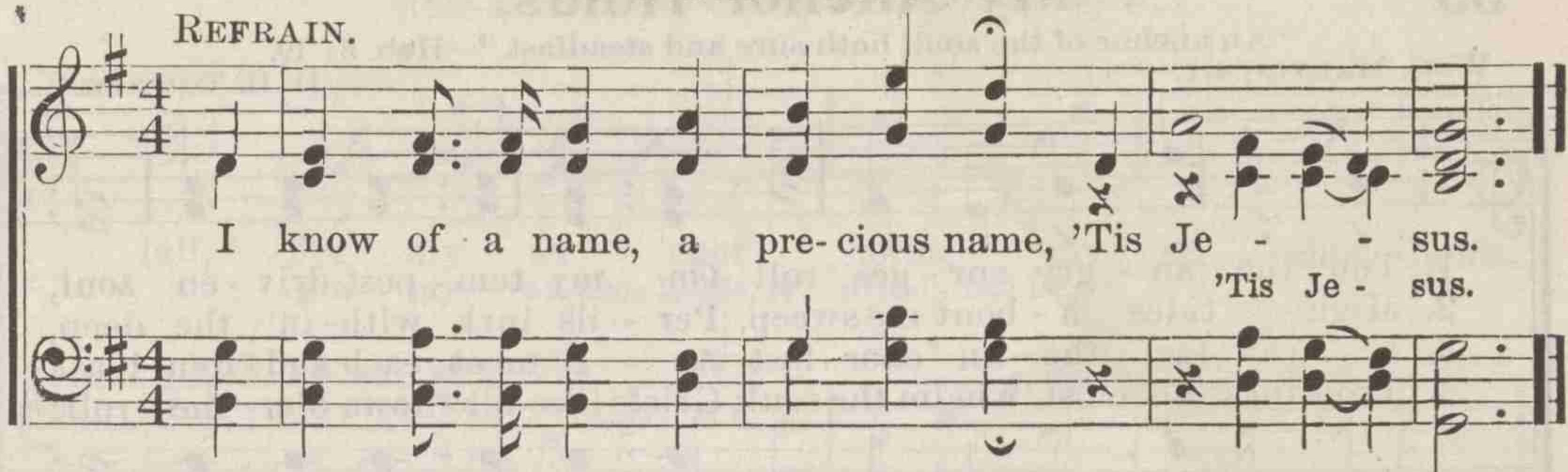


world on fire; Its sound is sweet, Its let-ters flame.  
 pag-es clear; The Book is His word, Its message I've heard.  
 Heav'nly Choir; Hear the mel-o-dy ringing, My own heart singing.



# 'Tis Jesus—Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



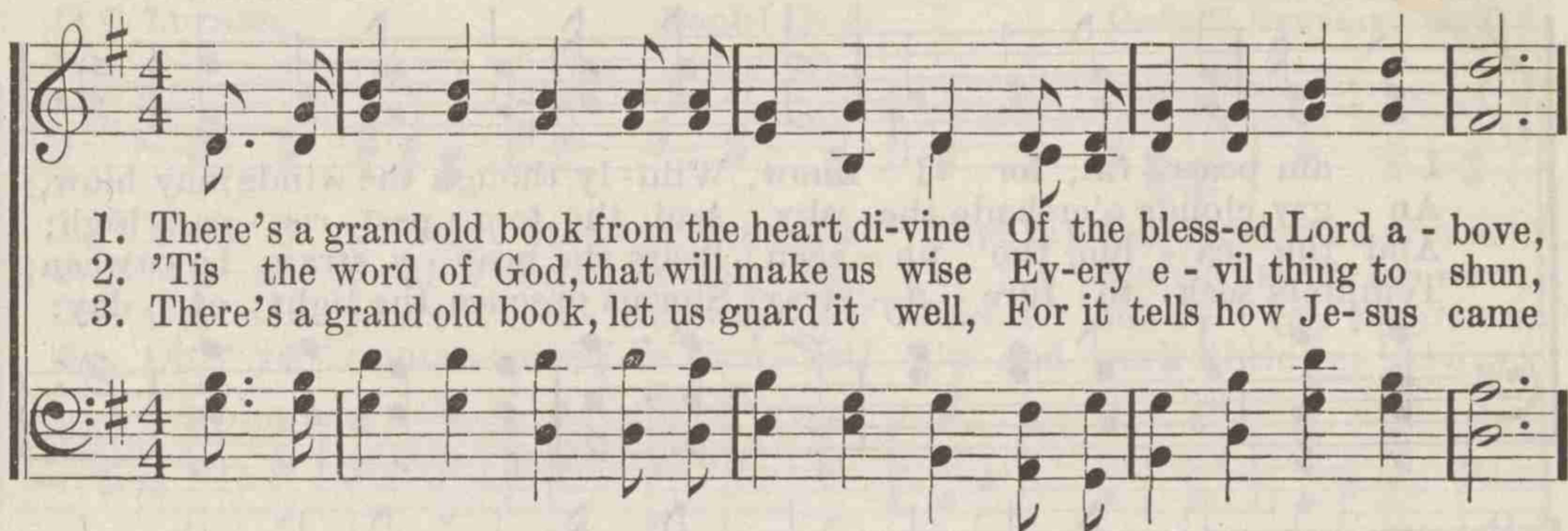
I know of a name, a precious name, 'Tis Je - - sus.  
'Tis Je - sus.

34

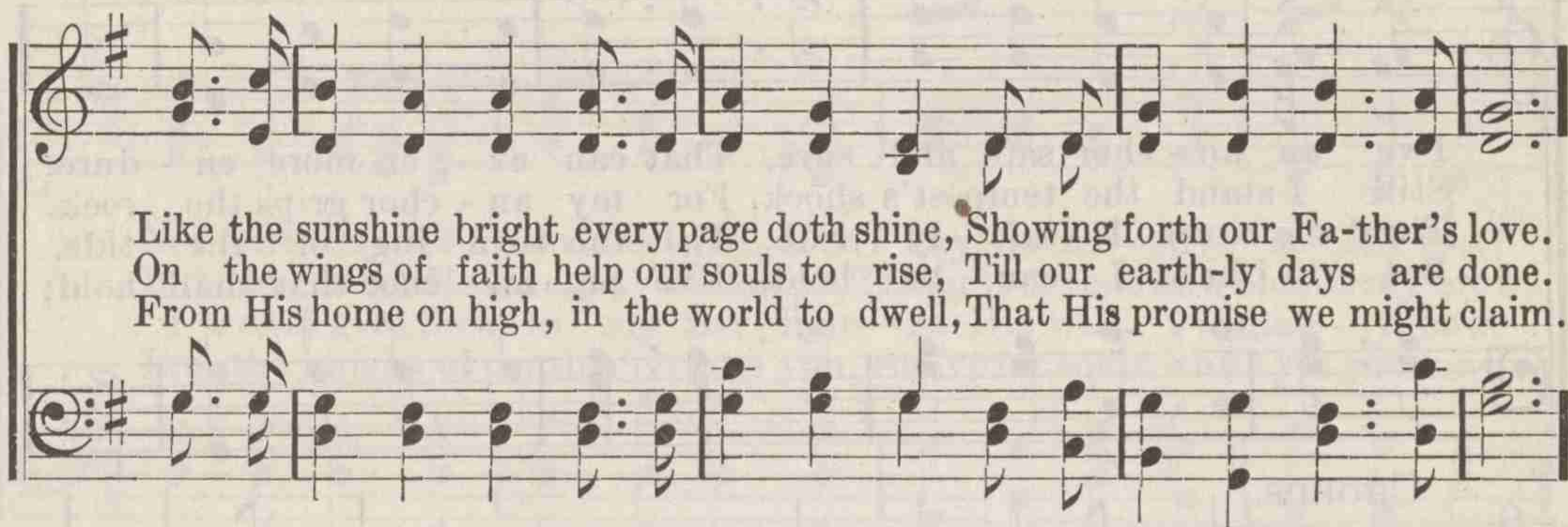
## There's a Grand Old Book.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. There's a grand old book from the heart di-vine Of the bless-ed Lord a - bove,  
2. 'Tis the word of God, that will make us wise Ev-ery e - vil thing to shun,  
3. There's a grand old book, let us guard it well, For it tells how Je-sus came



Like the sunshine bright every page doth shine, Showing forth our Fa-ther's love.  
On the wings of faith help our souls to rise, Till our earth-ly days are done.  
From His home on high, in the world to dwell, That His promise we might claim.

## CHORUS.



'Tis a grand old book, hal - le - lu - jah! Bless-ed gift from God most high,



'Tis a grand old book hal - le - lu - jah! By its words we'll live and die.

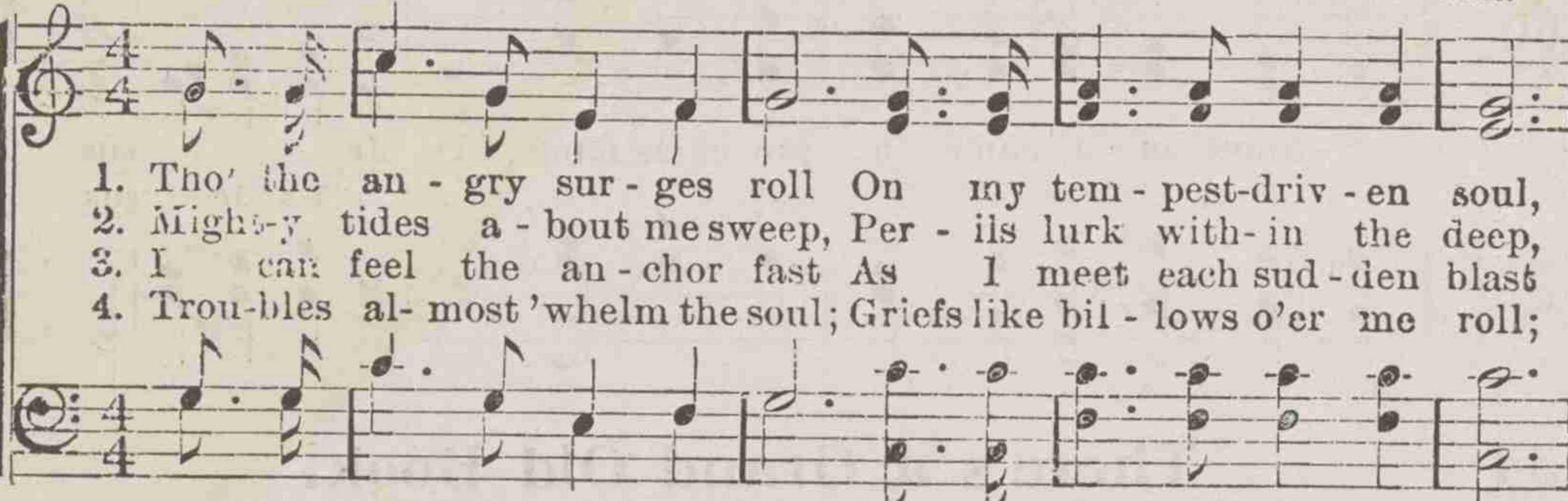


## My Anchor Holds.

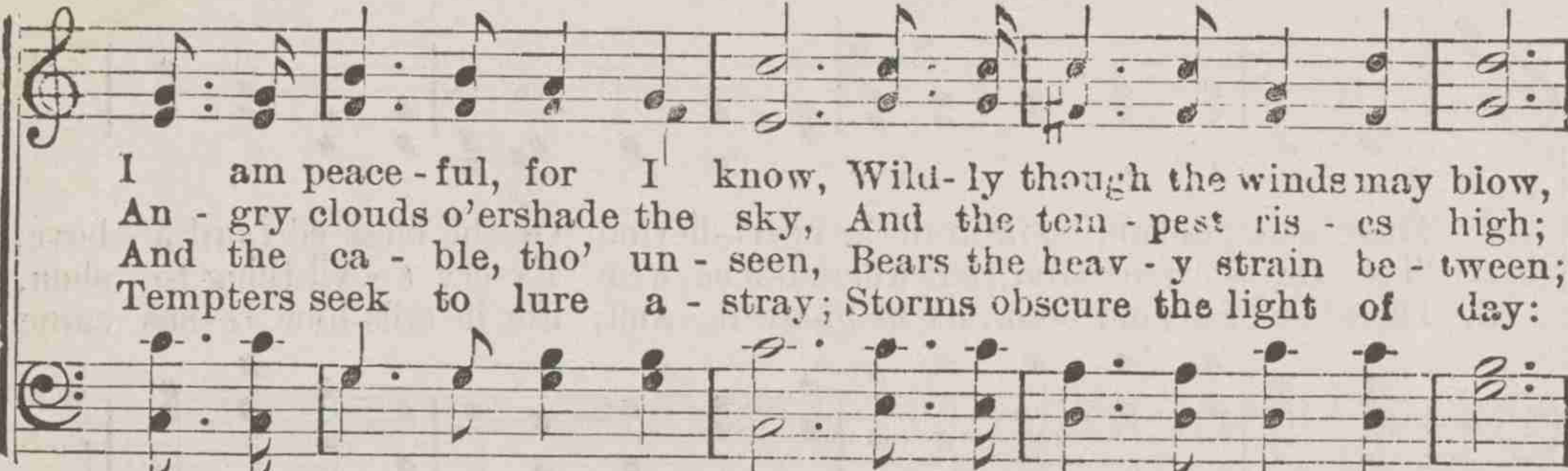
"An anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19.

W. O. MARTIN, arr.

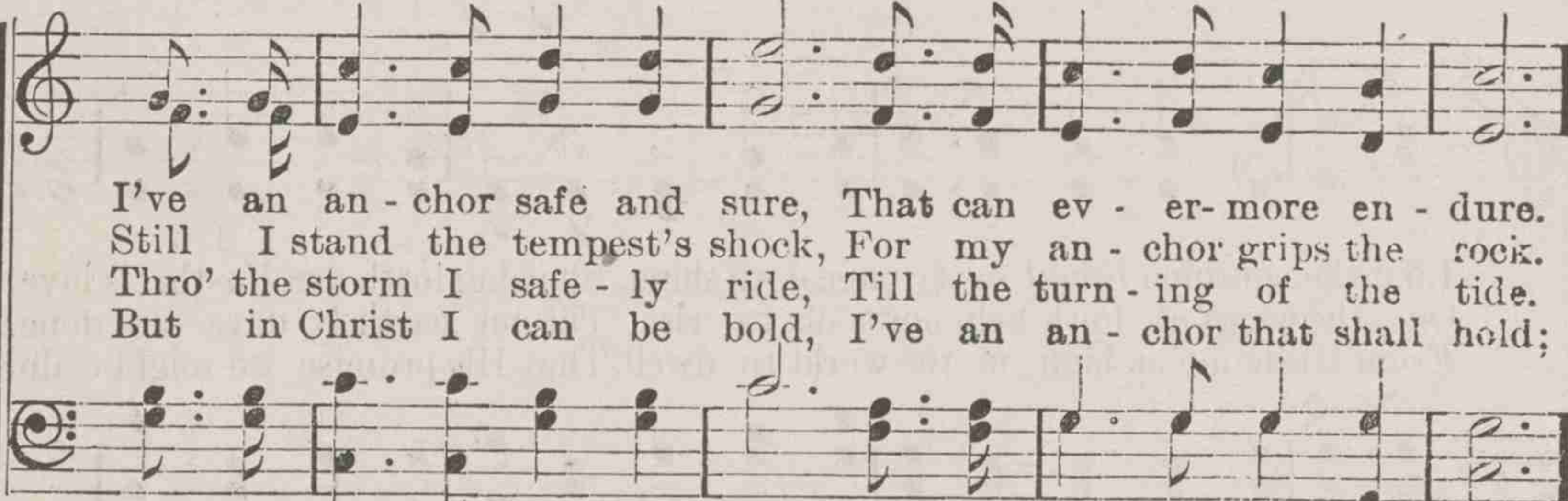
D. B. TOWNER.



1. Tho' the an - gry sur - ges roll On my tem - pest - driv - en soul,  
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep,  
 3. I can feel the an - chor fast As I meet each sud - den blast  
 4. Trou - bles al - most 'whelm the soul; Grievs like bil - lows o'er me roll;

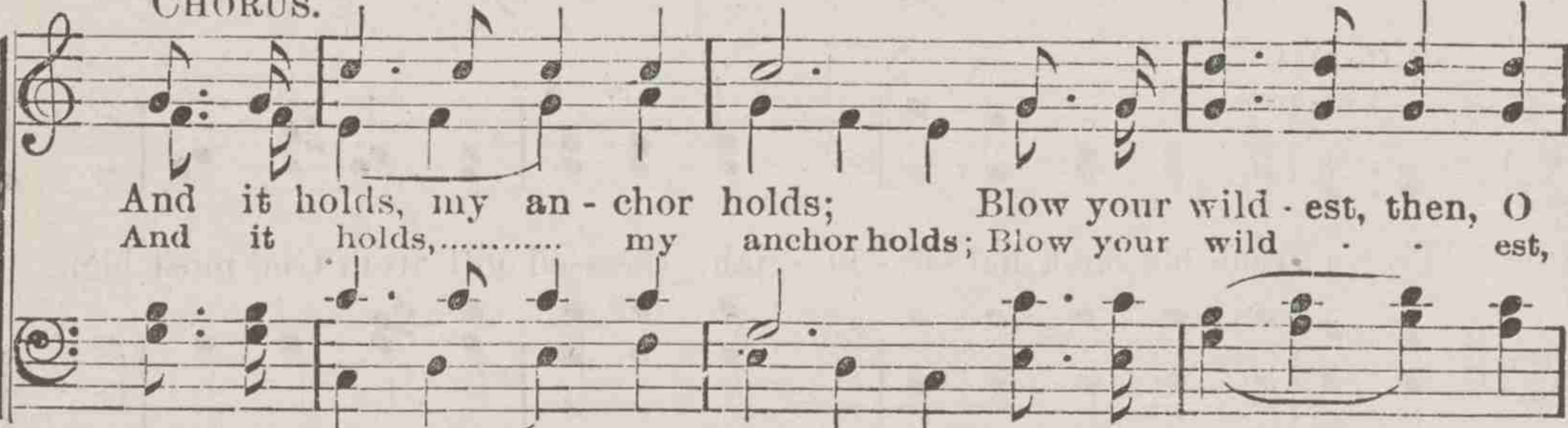


I am peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly though the winds may blow,  
 An - gry clouds o'er shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high;  
 And the ca - ble, tho' un - seen, Bears the heav - y strain be - tween;  
 Tempters seek to lure a - stray; Storms obscure the light of day:

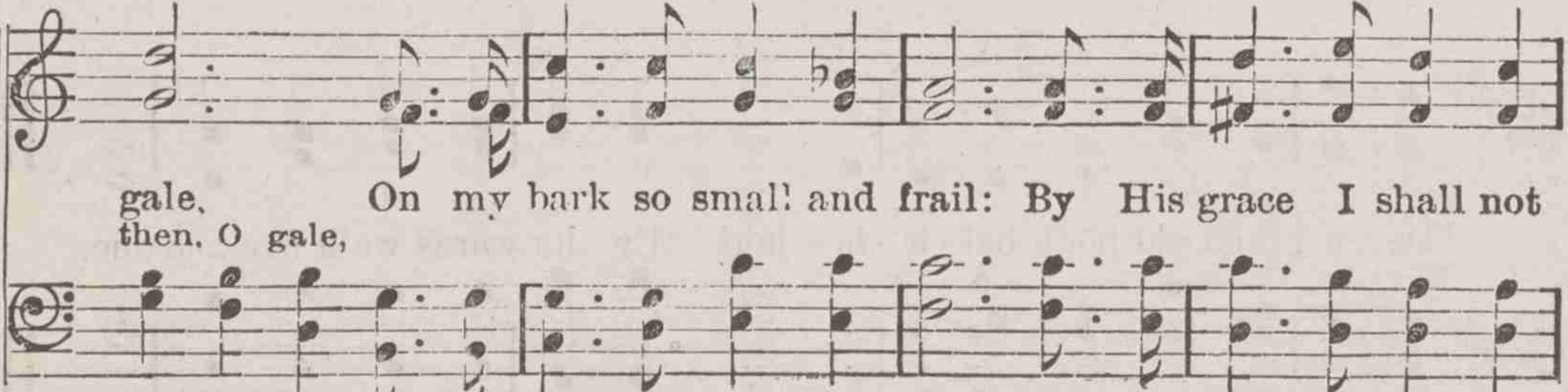


I've an an - chor safe and sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure.  
 Still I stand the tempest's shock, For my an - chor grips the rock.  
 Thro' the storm I safe - ly ride, Till the turn - ing of the tide.  
 But in Christ I can be bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold;

## CHORUS.



And it holds, my an - chor holds; Blow your wild - est, then, O  
 And it holds, my anchor holds; Blow your wild - est,



gale, On my bark so small and frail: By His grace I shall not  
 then, O gale,



## My Anchor Holds.—Concluded.

fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.  
For my an-chor holds, it firm-ly holds,

## 36 Must I Go—and Empty-Handed?

C. C. LUTHER.

Daniel 12: 3.

GEO.. C. STEBBINS, arr.

1. "Must I go—and emp - ty-hand - ed?" Thus my dear Re-deem - er meet?  
2. Not at death I shrink or fal - ter, For my Saviour saves me now;  
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed! Could I but re - call them now  
4. Oh, ye saints a-rouse, be earn - est! Up and work while yet 'tis day;

Not one day of serv - ice give Him? Lay no tro - phy at His feet?  
But to meet Him emp - ty-hand - ed, Thought of that now clouds my brow.  
I would give them to my Sav - iour—To His will I glad - ly bow.  
Ere the night of death o'er-take you, Strive for souls while yet you may.

### CHORUS.

"Must I go—and emp - ty-hand - ed?" Must I meet my Sav - iour so?

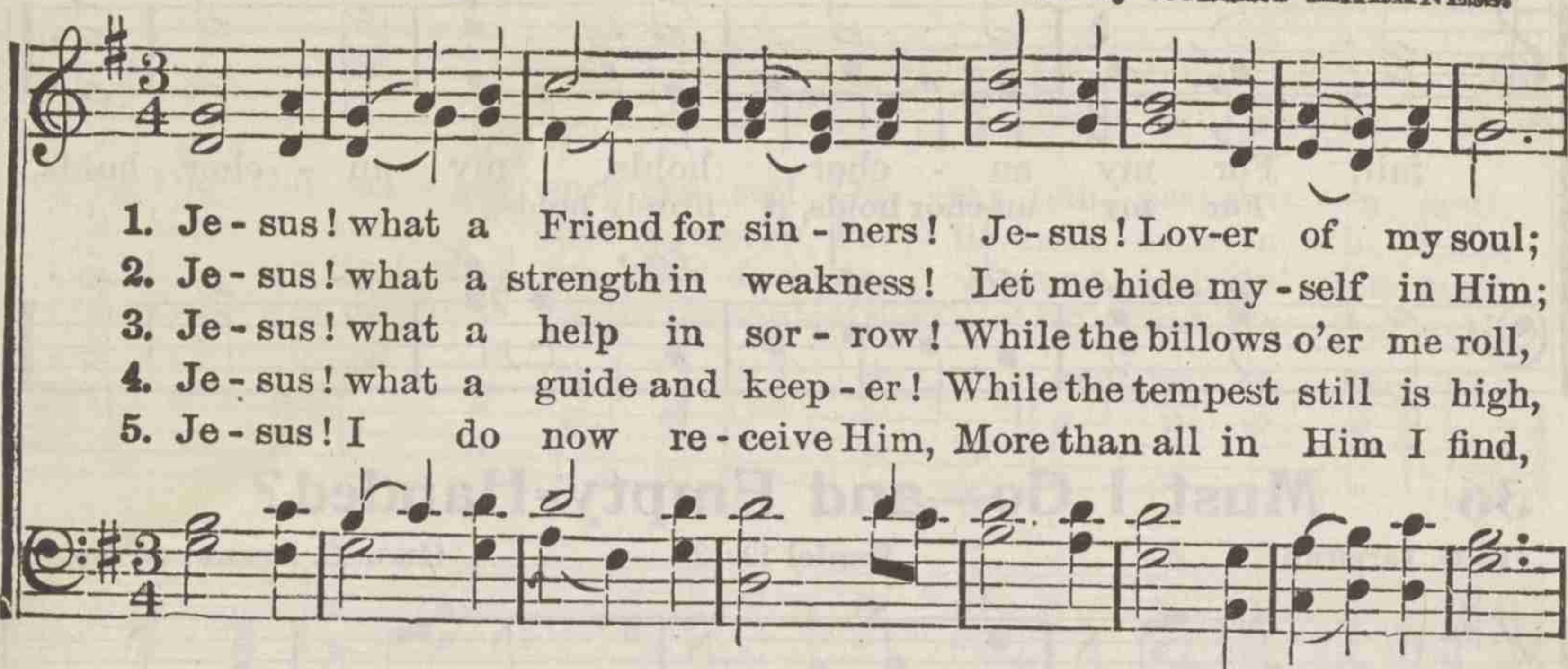
Not one soul with which to greet Him? Must I emp - ty - hand - ed go?



## Our Great Saviour.

Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Arr. by ROBERT HARKNESS.

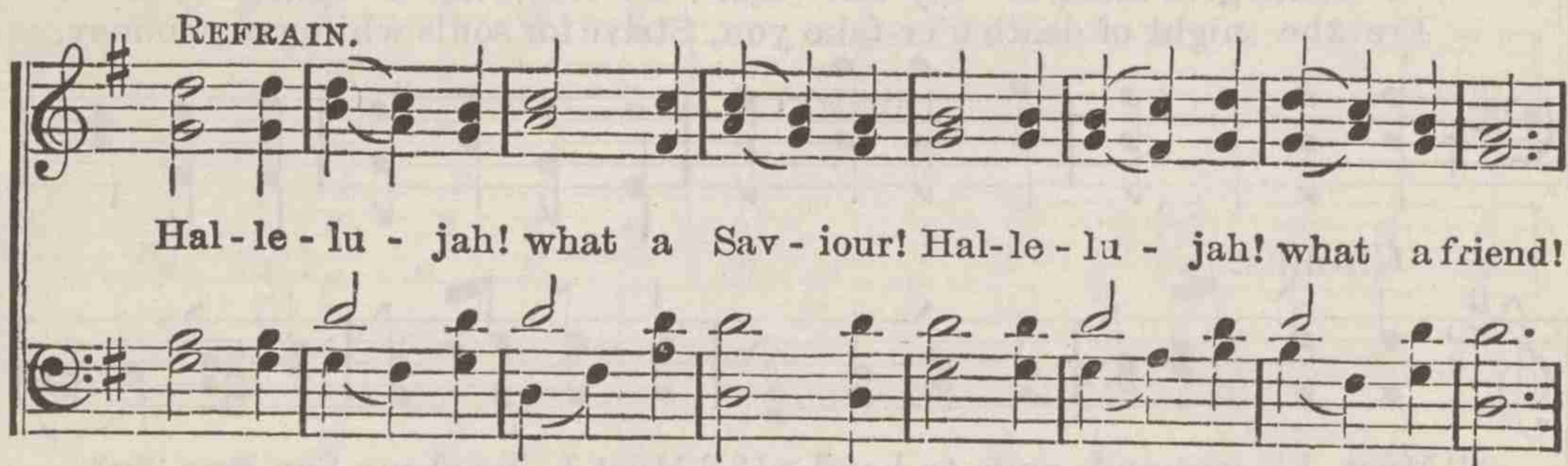


1. Je - sus! what a Friend for sin - ners! Je - sus! Lov - er of my soul;  
 2. Je - sus! what a strength in weakness! Let me hide my - self in Him;  
 3. Je - sus! what a help in sor - row! While the billows o'er me roll,  
 4. Je - sus! what a guide and keep - er! While the tempest still is high,  
 5. Je - sus! I do now re - ceive Him, More than all in Him I find,



Friends may fail me, foes as - sail me, He, my Saviour, makes me whole.  
 Tempt - ed, tried, and sometimes fail - ing, He, my strength, my vict'ry wins.  
 Ev - en when my heart is break - ing, He, my com - fort, helps my soul.  
 Storms a - bout me, night o'er - takes me, He, my pi - lot, hears my cry.  
 He hath grant - ed me for - give - ness, I am His, and He is mine.

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sav - iour! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a friend!



Sav - ing, help - ing, keep - ing, lov - ing, He is with me to the end.



EL. NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



1. Je - sus is com - ing! sing the glad word! Com-ing for those He re -
2. Je - sus is com - ing! the dead shall a-rise, Loved ones shall meet in a
3. Je - sus is com - ing! His saints to release; Com-ing to give to the
4. Je - sus is com - ing! the promise is true; Who are the cho-sen, the



deemed by His blood, Com - ing to reign as the glo - ri - fied Lord!  
 joy - ful sur - prise, Caught up to-ge-th - er to Him in the skies.  
 war - ring earth peace: Sin-ning, and sigh-ing, and sor - row, shall cease.  
 faith - ful, the few, Wait-ing and watch-ing, pre-pared for re - view?



## CHORUS.



Je - sus is com - ing a - gain! Je - sus is com - ing, is



com-ing a - gain! Je - sus is com-ing a - gain!  
 Yes, Je - sus is com-ing! Oh,



Shout the glad tidings o'er mountain and plain! Je-sus is com-ing a - gain!







1. O won-der-ful sto-ry of Je-sus who came To ran-som this  
 2. O won-der-ful sto-ry of Je-sus our Lord, Of Je-sus the  
 3. O won-der-ful sto-ry, what com-fort it brings; What joy to the  
 4. O won-der-ful sto-ry of Je-sus our King, Of mansions, bright



world from the fall; He made an a-tone-ment for sin on the cross, He  
 Truth and the Way; Whose arms are ex-ten-ded to welcome the lost, And  
 sor-row op-pressed; Who-ev-er is wea-ry and ladened with care, May  
 man-sions a-bove; Where all who are faith-ful may gath-er at last, And



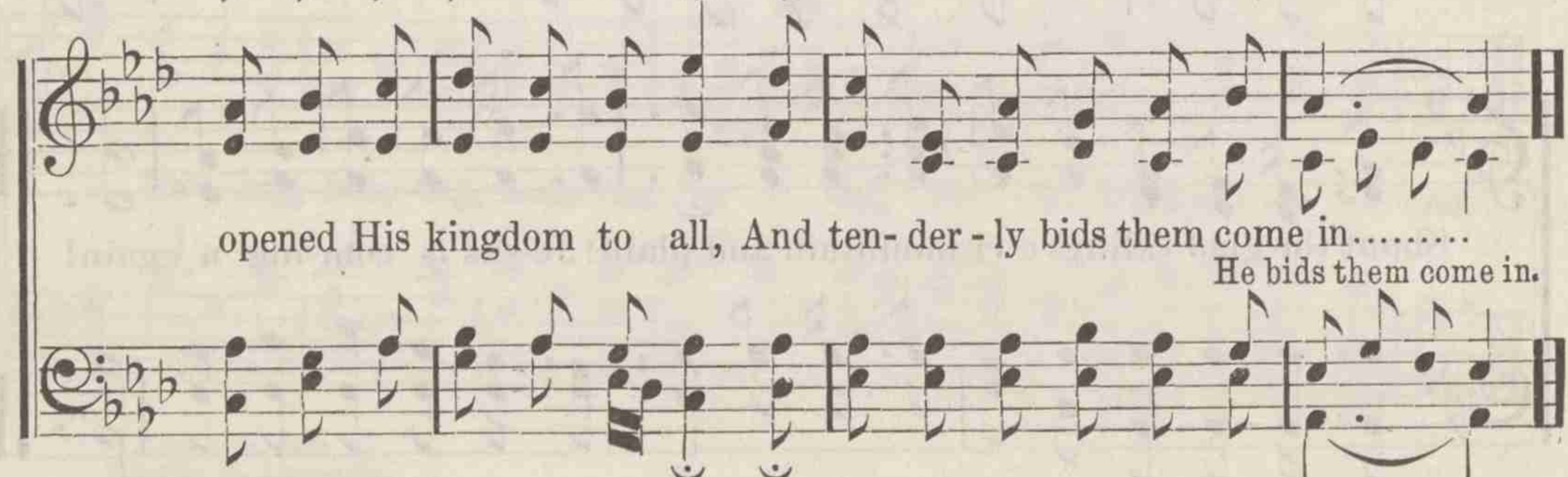
CHORUS.

lives, the Re-deem-er of all.  
 give them full par-don to-day.  
 come to the Sav-iour and rest.  
 dwell in the light of His love.

O glo-ry to God for the



sto-ry of love, That shows us a ref-uge from sin;..... For Je-sus has  
 from sin;



opened His kingdom to all, And ten-der-ly bids them come in.....  
 He bids them come in.



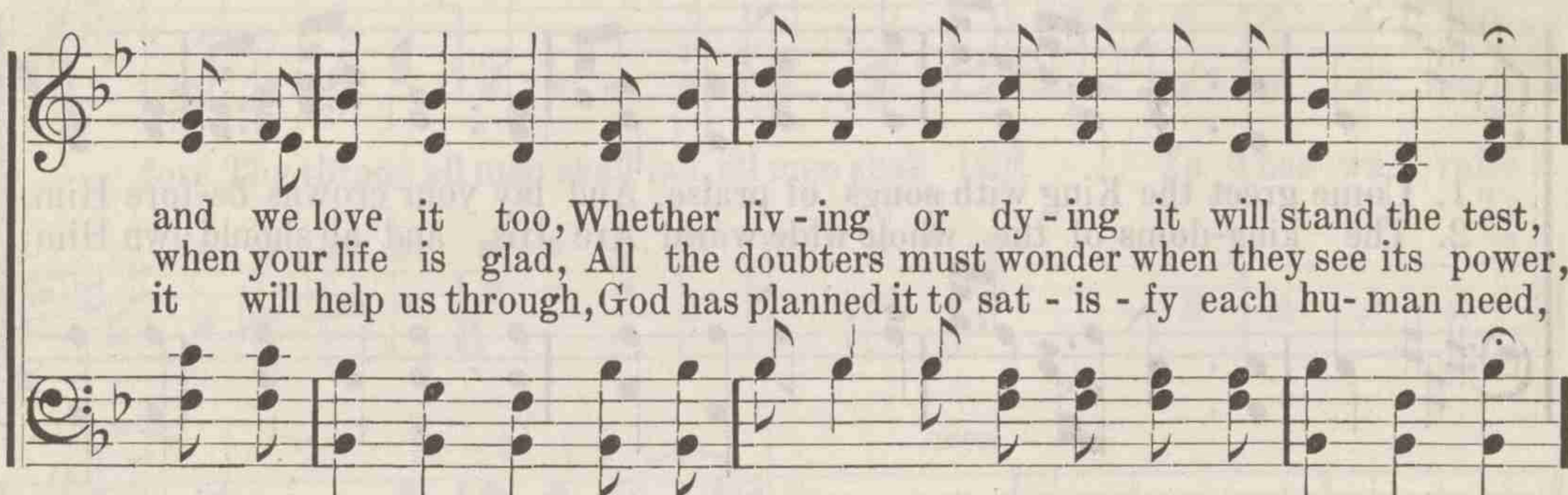
## A Great Religion.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

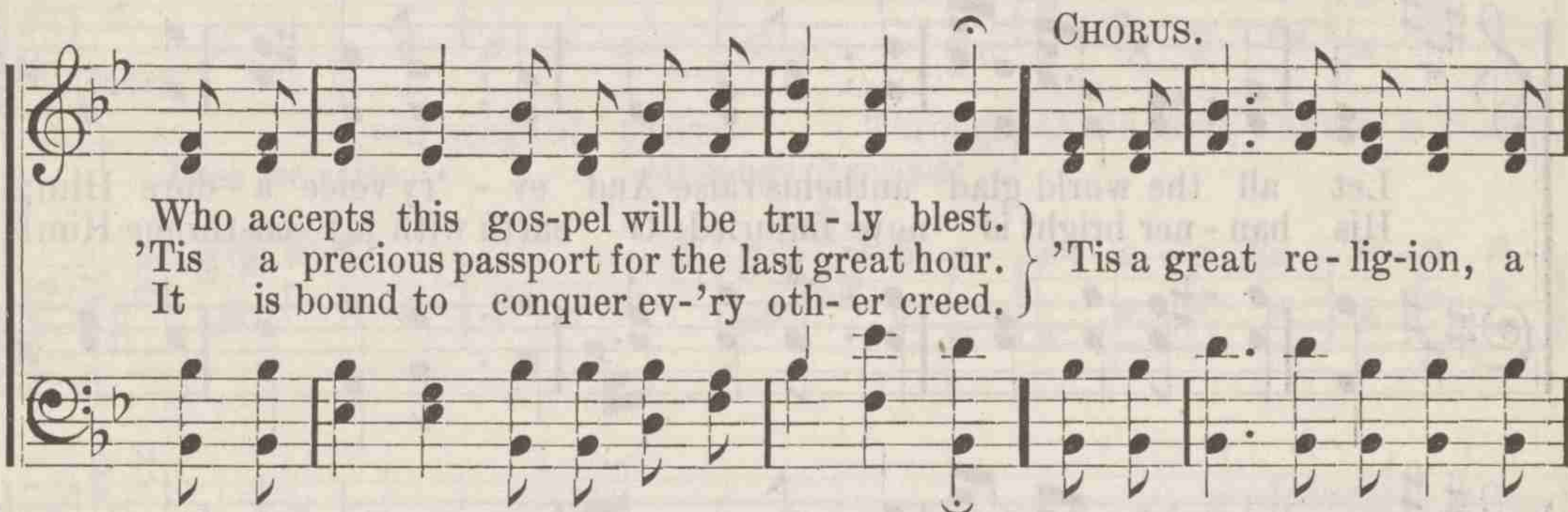
D. B. TOWNER.



1. 'Tis a great re - lig - ion that our fa - thers knew, 'Tis a great re - lig - ion  
 2. It will give you comfort when your heart feels sad; It will keep you shouting  
 3. 'Tis a great re - lig - ion that our fa - thers knew, All the way to heaven



and we love it too, Whether liv - ing or dy - ing it will stand the test,  
 when your life is glad, All the doubters must wonder when they see its power,  
 it will help us through, God has planned it to sat - is - fy each hu - man need,



CHORUS.  
 Who accepts this gos - pel will be tru - ly blest.  
 'Tis a precious passport for the last great hour. } 'Tis a great re - lig - ion, a  
 It is bound to conquer ev - 'ry oth - er creed.



great re - lig - ion, Of full a - tone - ment, and sal - va - tion free, 'Tis a



great re - lig - ion, a great re - lig - ion, Liv - ing or dy - ing, it just suits me.



W. B. J.

W. B. JUDEFIND.

*With animation.*

All hail! all hail! Lord of Lords!  
All hail! all hail! King of kings and Lord of Lords!

1. Come greet the King with songs of praise, And lay your crowns be-fore Him;  
2. The king-doms of the whole wíde world Are His, and all should own Him;

Let all the world glad anthems raise And ev - 'ry voice a - dore Him;  
His ban - ner bright is now unfurled; O earth with joy en-throne Him!

No oth - er name like His is known, In all the earth and heav - en;  
The might - y King and Lord of all, Now hail with ac - cla - ma - tion;

His sov'reign rule all lands shall own, All pow'r to Him is giv - en!  
Let ev - 'ry one be - fore Him fall, And pay Him ad - o - ra - tion!



# Lord of All—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Hail, King of kings and Lord of all! Be -

Hail, King of kings and Lord of all! Hail, King of kings and Lord of all! Be -

fore Thy throne

fore Thy throne all men shall fall, all men shall fall! To Thee we raise....

..... our songs of praise; Throughout the earth Thy name is known,  
Thee we raise our songs of praise;

And all the world Thy pow'r shall own.

To Thee we raise

To Thee we raise..... our

our songs of praise, Thou Lord of all, Thou Lord of all!

songs of praise,



## He Lifted Me.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came My soul in mer-cy to re-claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin-ful heart was stirred,
3. His brow was pierced with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high-er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;



And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lifted me.....  
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift-ed me.....  
 When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift-ed me.....  
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lifted me.....

He lift-ed me.



## CHORUS.



From sink-ing sand He lift-ed me, With ten-dor hand He lift-ed me,



From shades of night to plains of light, O praise His name, He lift-ed me!



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## I Am Praying For You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Sav-iour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing  
 2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -  
 3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in  
 4. When Je-sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov-ing

Saviour tho'earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten-der-ness  
 ter-ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in  
 glo-ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in  
 Saviour is your Saviour too; Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to

CHORUS.

o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Saviour too.  
 heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!  
 brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re-ceive-ing one too!  
 glory, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

For you I am

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm praying for you.



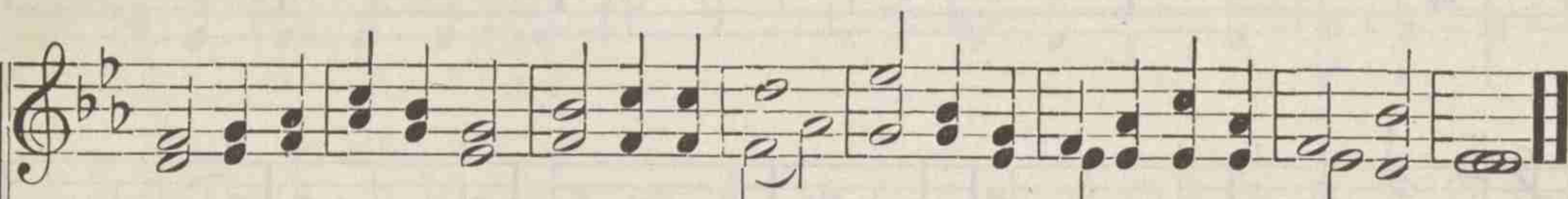
## Break Thou the Bread of Life.

MARY ANN LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.



1. Break Thou the Bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves, Beside [the sea;
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Galilee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On-ly for Thee, As Thy disciples lived In Gal - i - lee;



Beyond the sacred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spirit pants for Thee, O living Word!  
 Then shall all bondage cease, All fetters fall, And I shall find my peace, My all in all.  
 Then, all my struggles o'er, Then, vict'ry won, I shall behold Thee, Lord, The living one.



## Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

JOHN E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-ous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
3. When at last I near the shores, And the fear-ful break-ers roar



D.C.—Chart and com-pass came from Thee: Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.  
 Wondrous Sov-reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav-iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



Unknown waves before me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves obey Thy will When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean-ing on His breast,





46

## Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,  
 2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
 3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,  
 Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
 Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus blood;

47

## Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;  
 2. Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine, Long hath sin without control, Held dominion o'er my soul.  
 3. Holy Ghost, with joy divine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine; Bid my many woes depart, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.  
 4. Holy Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine; Cast down ev'ry idol throne, Reign supreme—and reign alone.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

48

## Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;  
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful man Thy glory may not see;  
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
 Cher - u - bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.  
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.



49

## All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet.

(CORONATION.)

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem,  
 2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 3. Let ev-'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter-res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe,  
 4. O that with yon-der sa-cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song,

And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy-al di-a-dem, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj-es-ty as-cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!  
 And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev-er-last-ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

50

## Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould.

First Tune.

Arthur Sullivan.

1: Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore;  
 2. At the sign of tri-umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic-to-ry!  
 3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;  
 4. Onward, then, ye peo-ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in-to bat-tle, See His ban-ner go!  
 Hell's foun-da-tions quiv-er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.  
 We are not di-vid-ed; All one bod-y we, One in hope and doc-trine, One in char-i-ty.  
 Glo-ry, laud and hon-or Un-to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a-ges Men and angels sing.

REFRAIN.

Onward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je-sus Go-ing on be-fore.



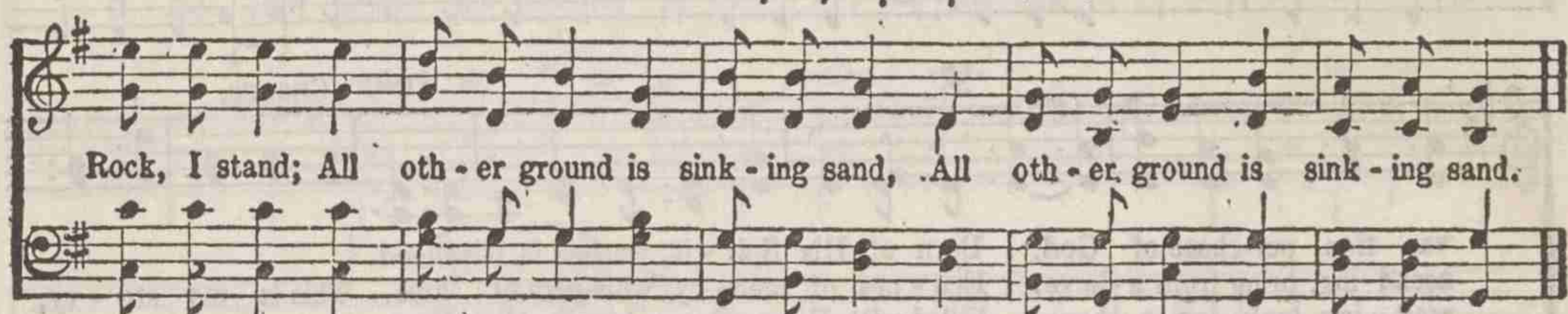
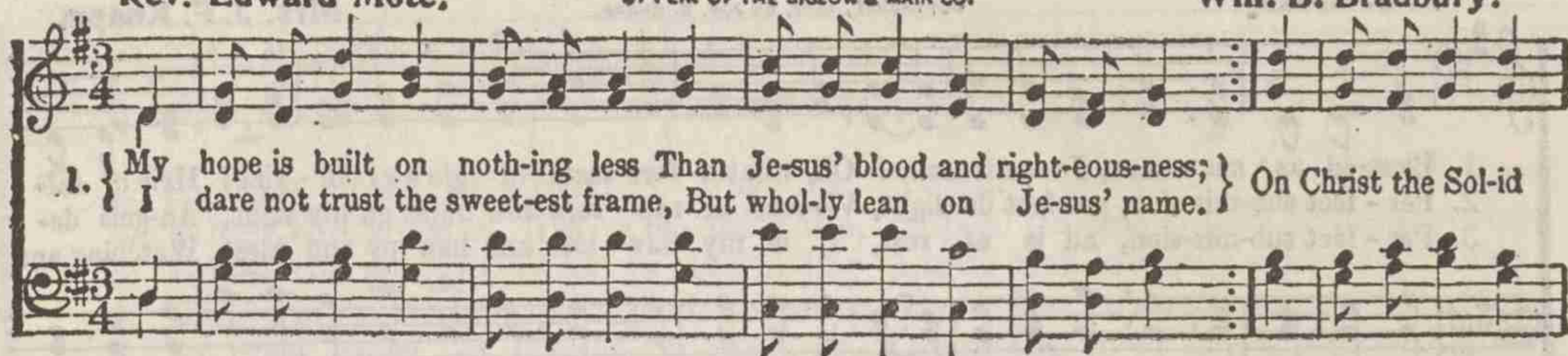
51

## The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW &amp; MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.



- 2 When darkness veils His lovely face; I rest on His unchanging grace;  
 In every high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the vail.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood Support me in the whelming flood;  
 When all around my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet sound O may I then in Him be found,  
 Drest in His righteousness alone, Faultless to stand before the throne.

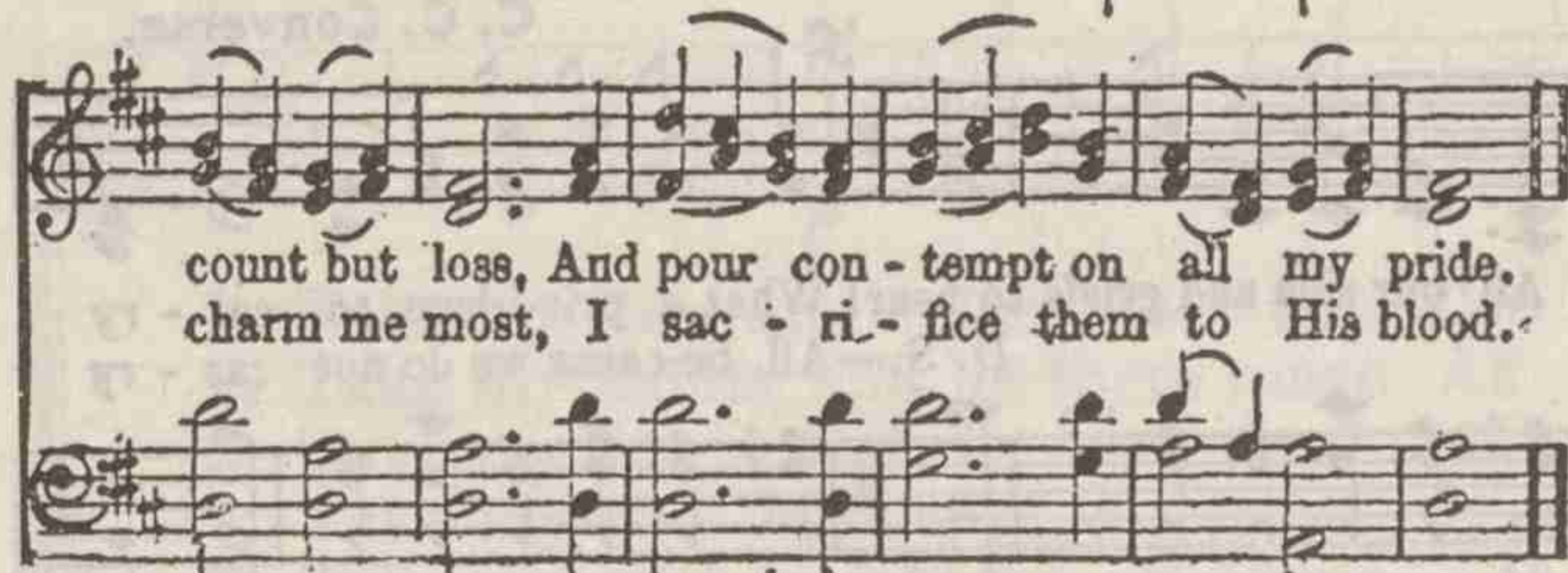
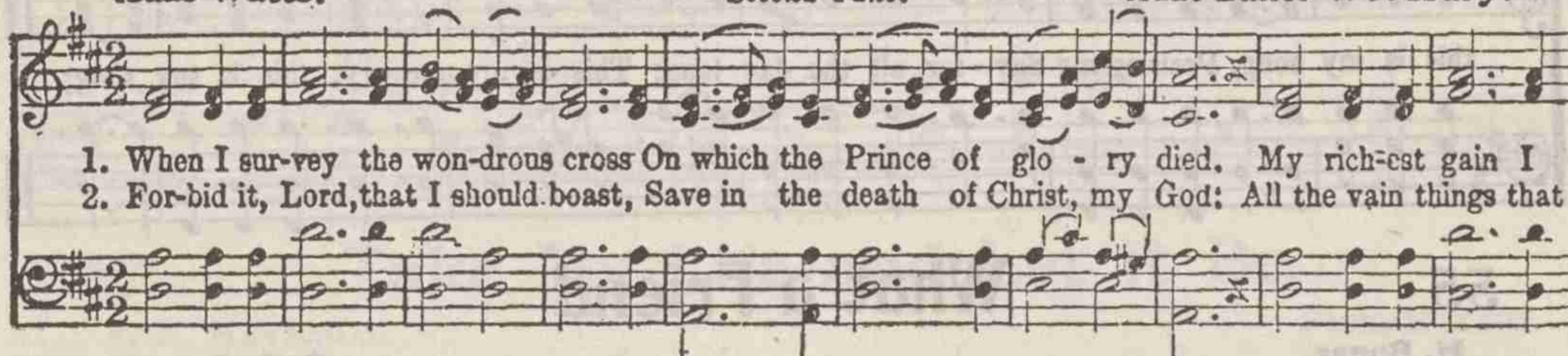
52

## When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts.

Second Tune.

Isaac Baker Woodbury.



- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down:  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;  
 Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all,

53

## Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay.

J. J. Husband.





## Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

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Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-  
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-  
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.  
 scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,  
 wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

this is my song, Praising my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

## What a Friend

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je-sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car-ry  
 D. S.—All be-cause we do not car-ry

Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft-en for-feit, O what need-less pain we bear,  
 Ev-'ry thing to God in prayer.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
 All our sins and griefs to bear!  
 What a privilege to carry  
 Every thing to God in prayer!  
 O what peace we often forfeit,  
 O what needless pain we bear,  
 All because we do not carry,  
 Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
 Is there trouble anywhere?  
 We should never be discouraged,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Can we find a friend so faithful,  
 Who will all our sorrows share?  
 Jesus knows our every weakness,  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
 Cumbered with a load of care?—  
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,—  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
 Take it to the Lord in prayer,  
 In His arms He'll take and shield  
 Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee,



JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam-ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;
5. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.  
 Nev - er shall the cross for-sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.  
 From the cross the radiance streaming Adds more lus-tre to the day.  
 Peace is there that knows no measnre, Joys that through all time a-bide.  
 All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.

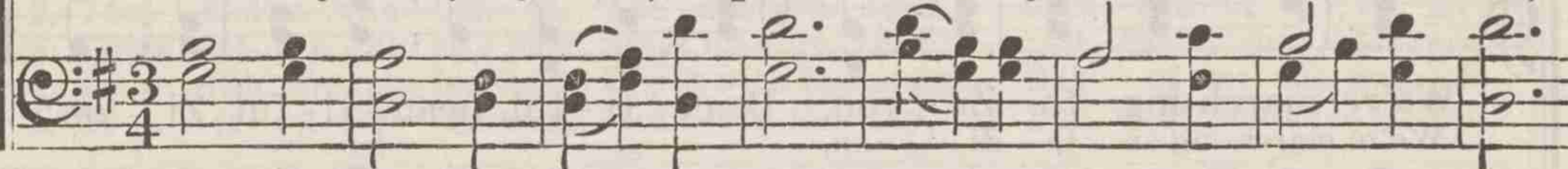


F. R. HAVERGAL

FROM MOZART.



1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love;
3. Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King;
4. Take my sil - ver and my gold—Not a mite would I with - hold;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine—It shall be no long - er mine;
6. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store;



Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.  
 Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee.  
 Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sa - ges from Thee.  
 Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - ery power as Thou shalt choose.  
 Take my heart—it is Thine own; It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
 Take my - self and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.






## We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. WATTS.

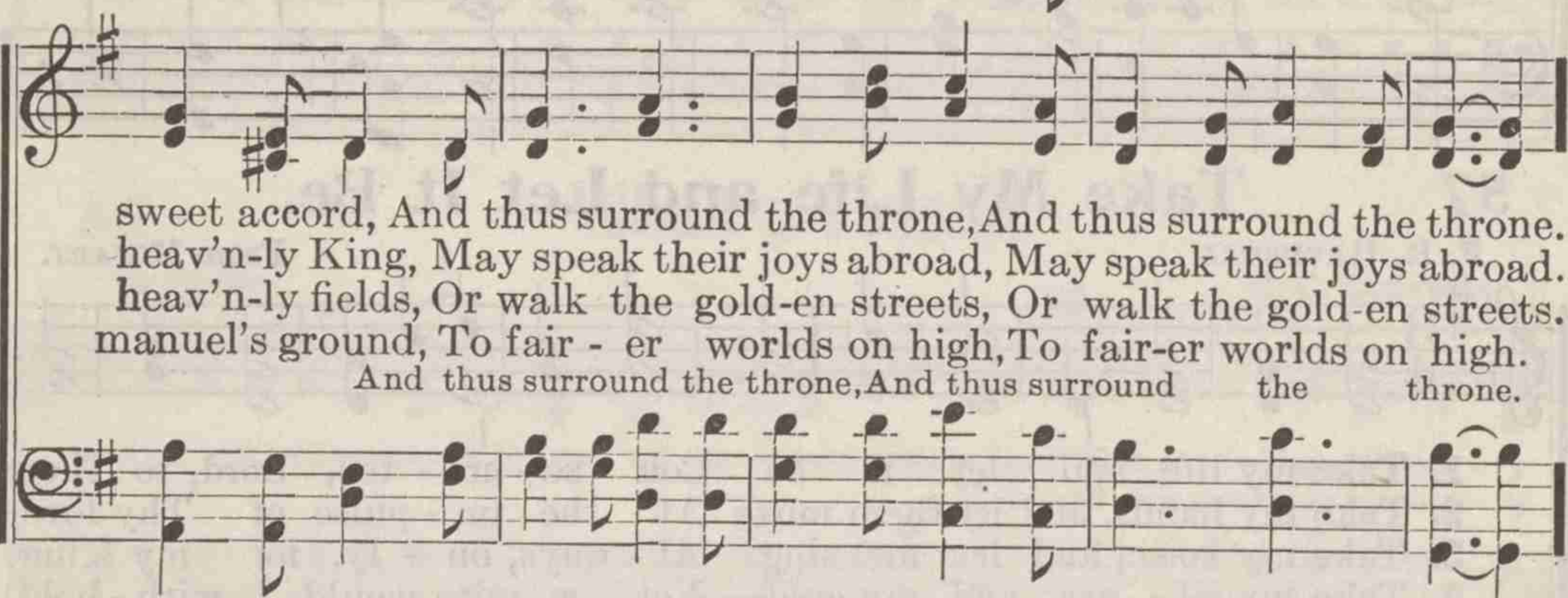
Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known,  
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;  
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets,  
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;



Join in a song with sweet ac-cord, Join in a song with  
 But chil - dren of the heav'n-ly King, But chil - dren of the  
 Be - fore we reach the heav'n-ly fields, Be - fore we reach the  
 We're marching thro' Im-man-uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im -



sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.  
 heav'n-ly King, May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.  
 heav'n-ly fields, Or walk the gold-en streets, Or walk the gold-en streets.  
 manuel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high, To fair-er worlds on high.  
 And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.

CHORUS.



We're march-ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on;  
 We're march-ing on to Zi - on,



We're marching upward to Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful cit - y of God.  
 Zi - on, Zi - on,



## I Love to Tell the Story.

CATHARINE HANKEY.

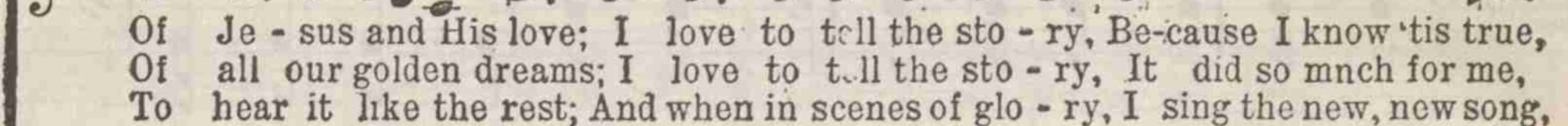
WILLIAM G. FISCHER.




1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry,  
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More wonder - ful it seems Than all the golden fan - cies  
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting




Of Je - sus and His love; I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true,  
 Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me,  
 To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,



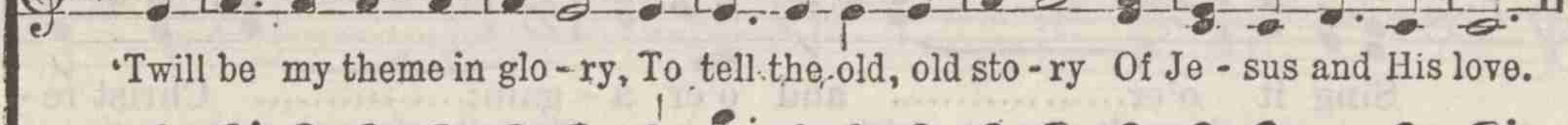
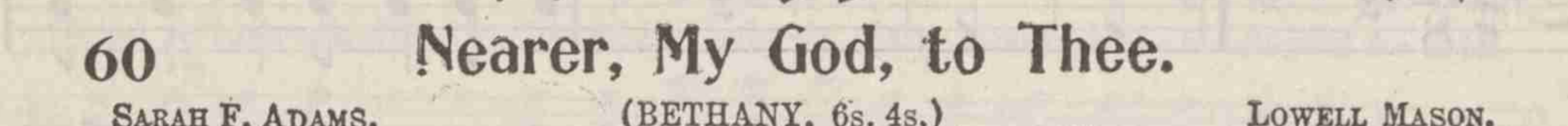
## CHORUS.



It sat - is - fies my long - ing As noth - ing else can do.  
 And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry;  
 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.



'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

## Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

(BETHANY. 6s. 4s.)

LOWELL MASON.



1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it be a cross  
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,  
 3. There let the way ap - pear, Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou sendest me,  
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my sto - ny griefs  
 5 Or if on joy - ful wing Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and stars for - got,



D. S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee,



That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 My rest - a stone, Still in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be, Near - er, my God, to Thee,  
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God to Thee,



Near - er to Thee.





## Christ Receiveth Sinful Men.

"They that are whole need not a physician, but they that are sick."—MATT. IX: 12.

Arr. from NEUMASTER, 1671.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

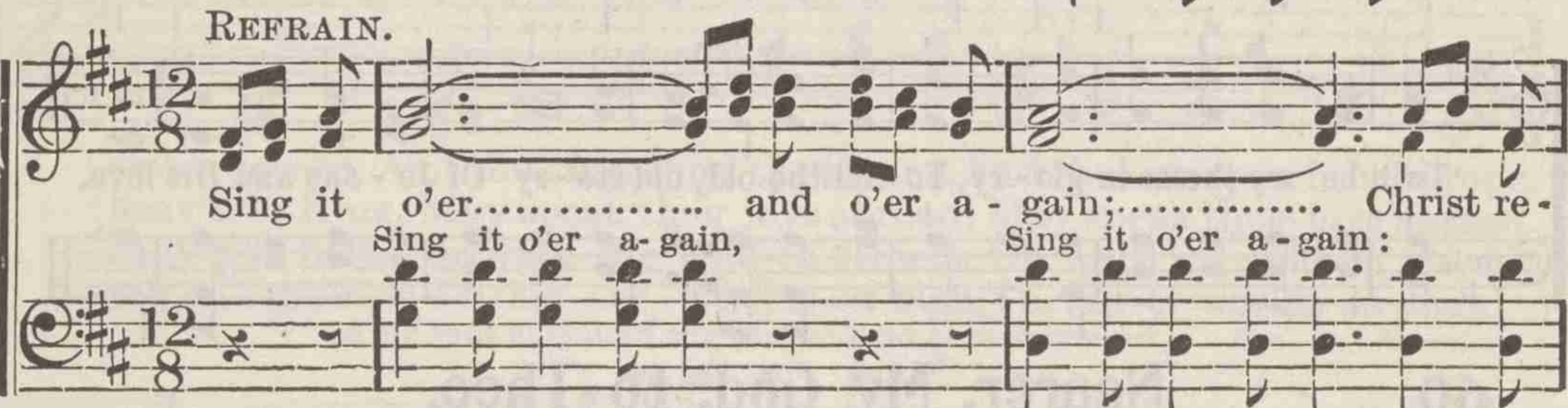


1. Sin - ners Je - sus will re - ceive: Sound this word of grace to all  
 2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;  
 3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the law I stand;  
 4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.  
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
 He who cleans'd me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.  
 Purg'd from ev - 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.

REFRAIN.



Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re -  
 Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain:



ceiv - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - sage  
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiveth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain:..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.  
 Make the message plain:



## Christ Returneth.

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H. L. TURNER.

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JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sunlight thro' darkness and  
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light; It may be, perchance, that the  
 3. While His hosts cry Ho-san-na! from heaven descending, With glo-ri-fied saints and the  
 4. O joy! O de-light! should we go without dy-ing; No sickness, no sadness, no

shad-ow is breaking, That Je-sus will come in the ful-ness of glo-ry, To re-  
 black-ness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the blaze of His glo-ry, When  
 an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a ha-lo of glo-ry, Will  
 dreath and no cry-ing; Caught up thro' the clouds with our Lord in-to glo-ry, When

CHORUS.

ceive from the world "His own."  
 Je-sus re-ceive "His own." O Lord Jesus, how long? how long Ere we shout the glad song?  
 Je-sus re-ceive "His own."  
 Je-sus re-ceive "His own."

*rit.*  
 Christ re-turn-eth; Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.

## Happy Day.

P. DODDRIDGE.

(L. M. P.)

E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. } O hap-py day! that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God; }  
 } Well may this glowing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad. } Hap-py  
 2. } 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's, and He is mine; }  
 } He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charm'd to con-fess the voice di-vine. } Hap-py  
 3. } Now rest, my long di-vid-ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful cen-ter, rest; }  
 } Nor ev-er from thy Lord de-part, With Him of ev-'ry good possessed. } Hap-py

FINE. D. S.

day, hap-py day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! } He taught me how to watch and pray,  
 } And live re-joic-ing ev-'ry day;



# 64 Love Divine, All Love Excelling.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Beecher.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving spir-it In - to ev - ery troubled breast!
3. Come, Al-might-y to de-liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re-ceive!
4. Fin-ish, then, Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, and spotless may we be:



Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All Thy faithful mercies crown.  
Let us all in Thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-ised rest;  
Sud-den-ly re-turn, and nev-er, Nev-er more Thy tem-ples leave.  
Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per-fect-ly se-cured by Thee!



Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un bound-ed love Thou art;  
Take a - way the love of sin-ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;  
Thee we would be al-ways bless-ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a bove,  
Changed from glo-ry in-to glo - ry, Till in heaven we take our place;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En-ter ev-ery tremb-ling heart.  
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.  
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.  
Till we cast our crowns be-fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love and praise.





# 65 Oh, Could I Speak the Matchless Worth.

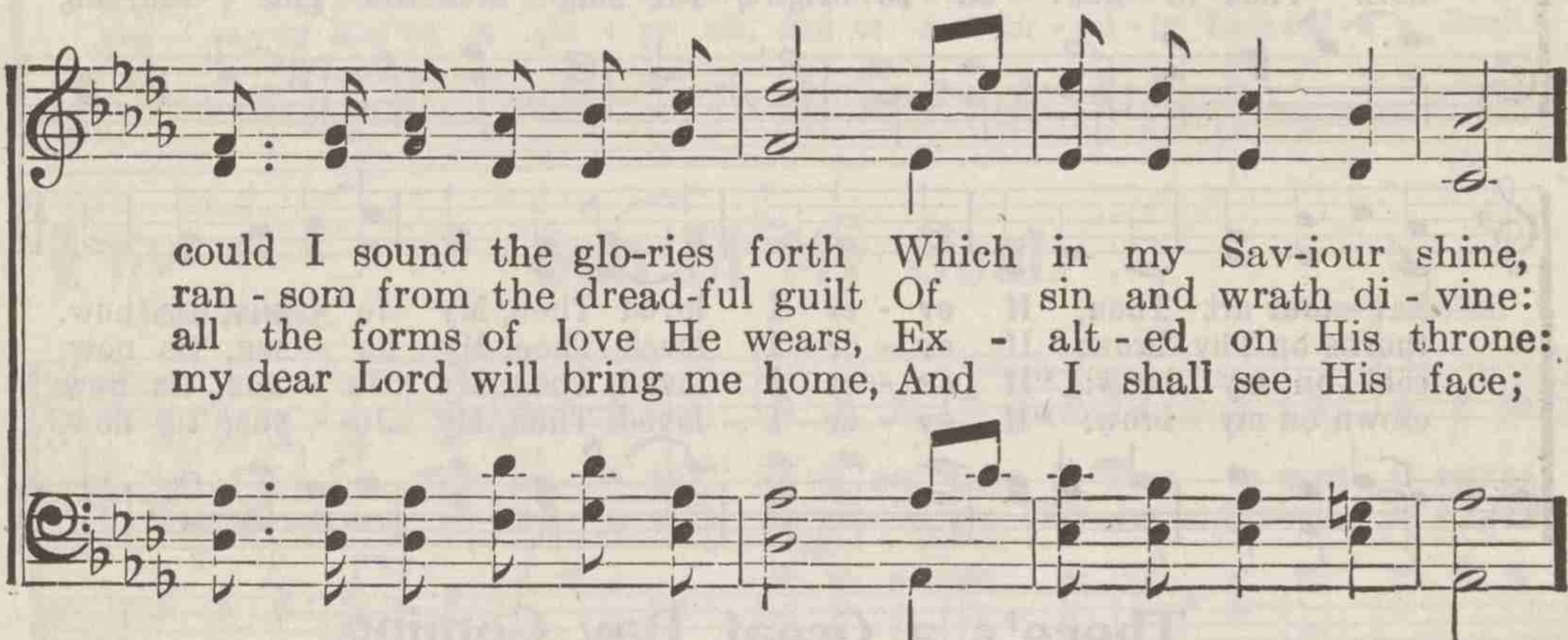
SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Ariel

MOZART.



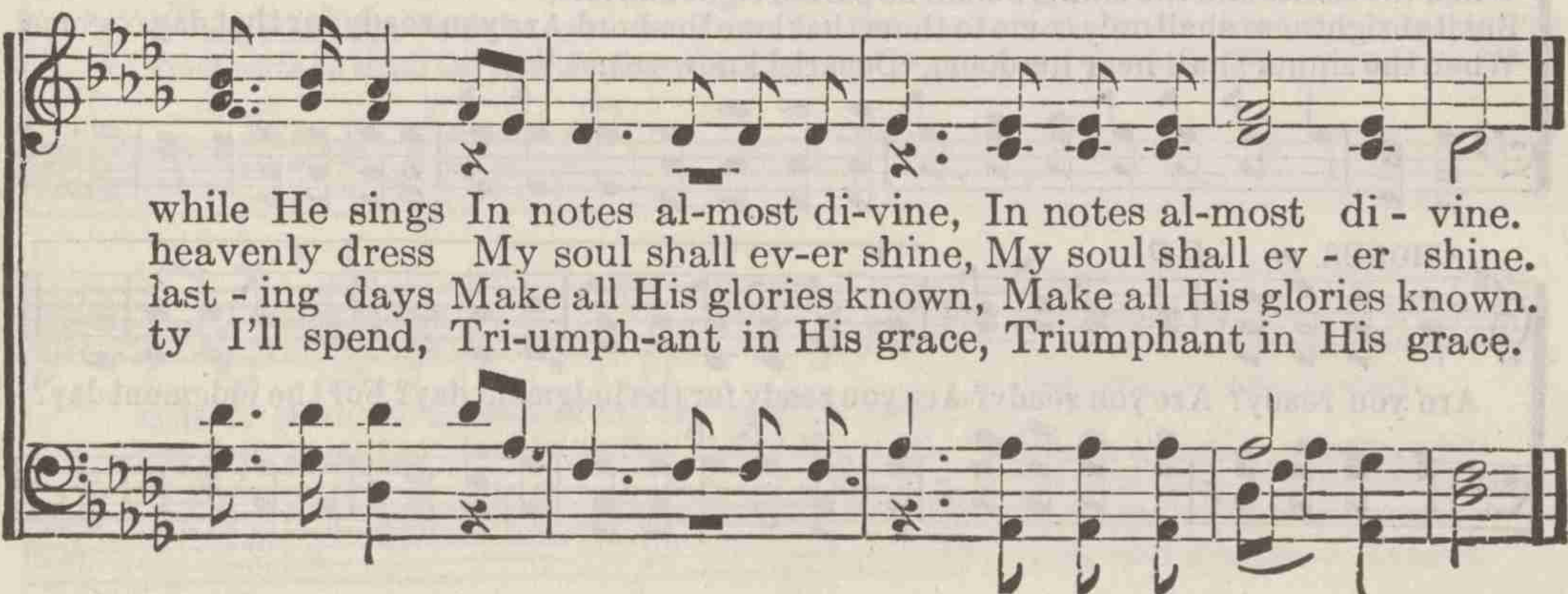
1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, O  
 2. I'd sing the pre - cious blood He spilt, My  
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters He bears, And  
 4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When



could I sound the glo-ries forth Which in my Sav-iour shine,  
 ran - som from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di - vine:  
 all the forms of love He wears, Ex - alt - ed on His throne:  
 my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see His face;



I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Ga-briel  
 I'd sing His glo - rious right-eous-ness, In which all per - fect,  
 In loft - iest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er -  
 Then with my Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e - ter - ni -



while He sings In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di - vine.  
 heavenly dress My soul shall ev - er shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.  
 last - ing days Make all His glories known, Make all His glories known.  
 ty I'll spend, Tri-umph-ant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.



## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

(GORDON. 11s.)

A. J. GORDON,

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the  
 2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my  
 3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as  
 4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my  
 par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the  
 long as Thou lend - est me breath, And say when the death - dew lies  
 dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.  
 cold on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."  
 crown on my brow: "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

## There's a Great Day Coming.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND  
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com - ing by and by;  
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com - ing by and by;  
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com - ing by and by;

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,  
 But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come  
 When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m pp*

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?



68

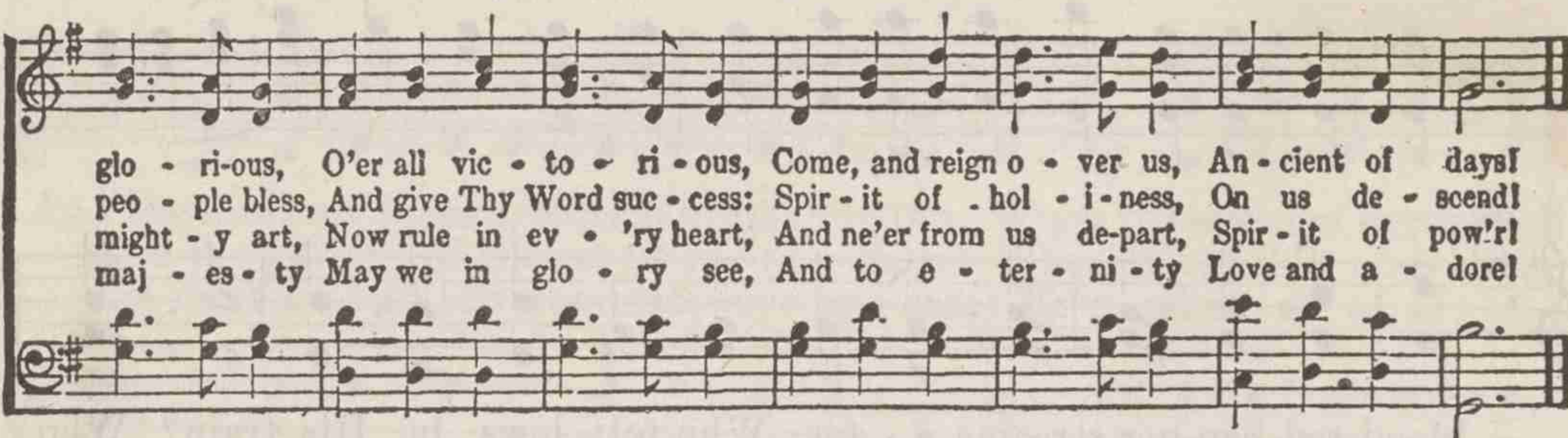
## Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

Felice Giardini.



1. Come, Thou Al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther all-  
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy  
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-  
 4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign



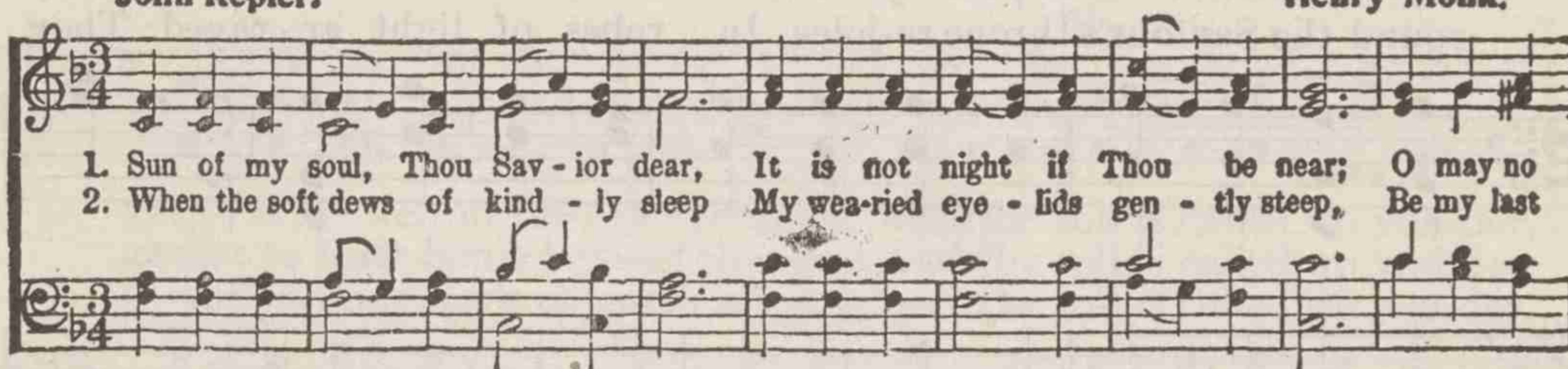
glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of days!  
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy Word suc-cess: Spir-it of hol-i-ness, On us de-scend!  
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!  
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore!

69

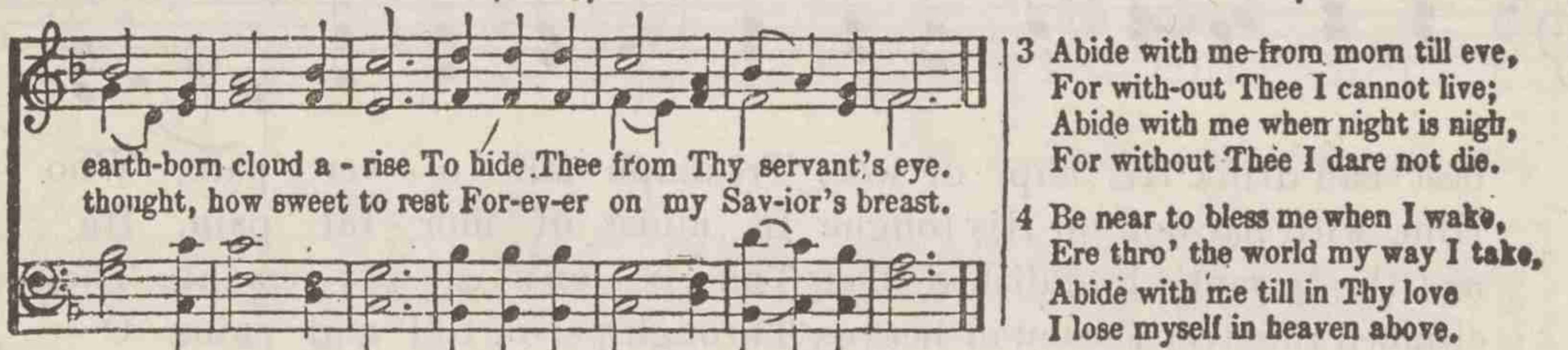
## Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler.

Henry Monk.



1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no  
 2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep, Be my last



earth-born cloud a-rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.  
 thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For with-out Thee I cannot live;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,  
 Ere thro' the world my way I take,  
 Abide with me till in Thy love  
 I lose myself in heaven above.

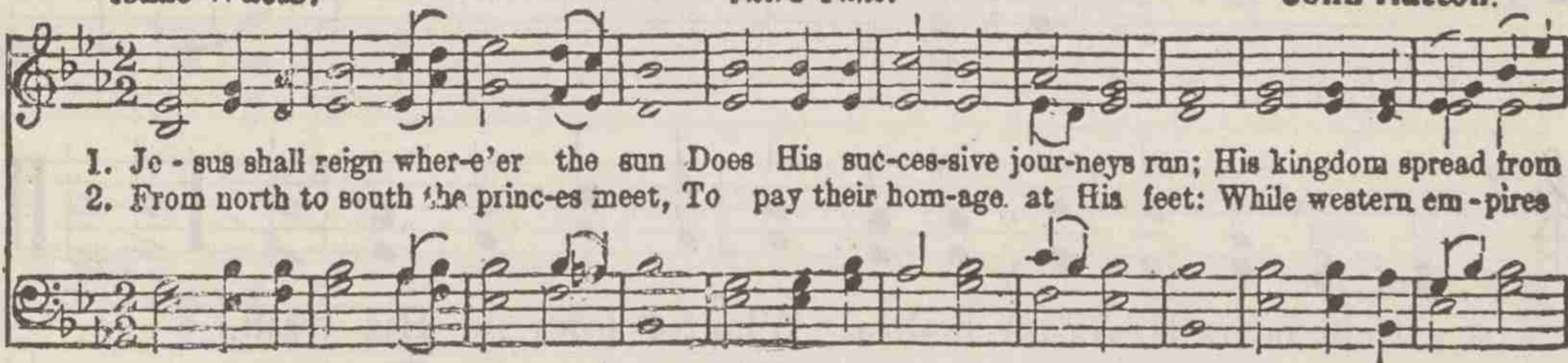
70

## Jesus Shall Reign.

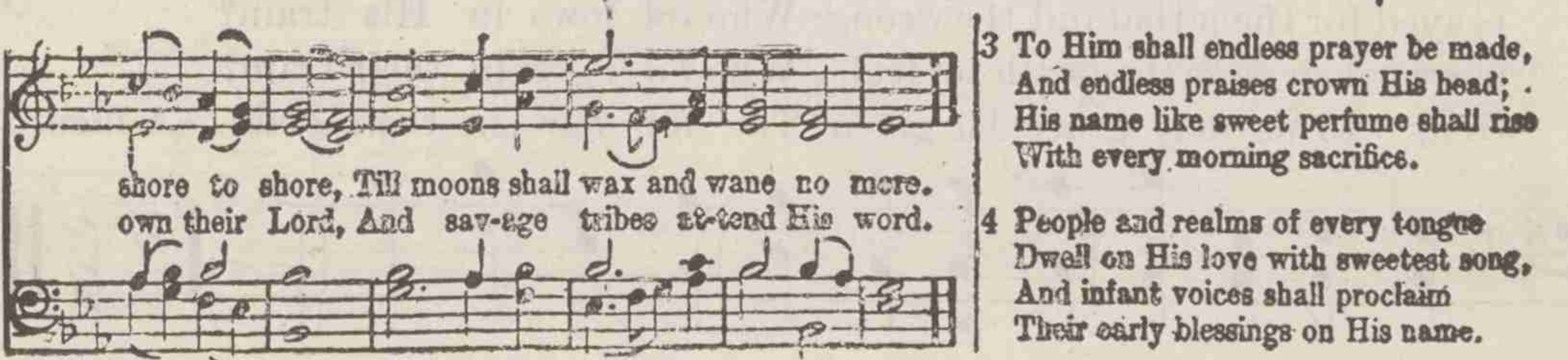
Isaac Watts.

Third Tune.

John Hatton.



1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from  
 2. From north to south the prin-ces meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em-pires



shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.  
 own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown His head;  
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on His name.

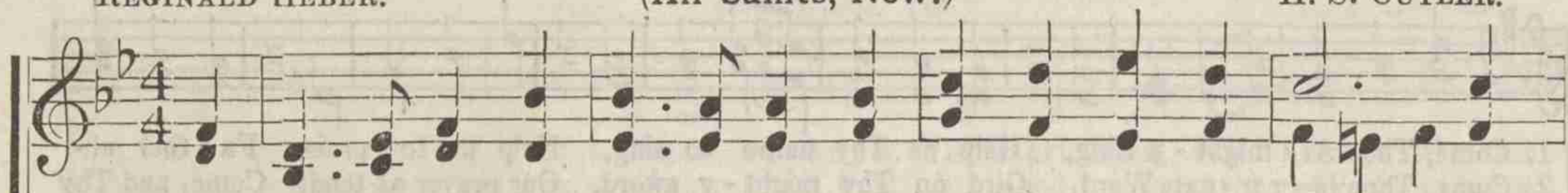


# 71 The Son of God Goes Forth to War. 80

REGINALD HEBER.

(All Saints, New.)

H. S. CUTLER.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king-ly crown to gain; His
2. The martyr first, whose ea-gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave, Who
3. A glo-rious band, the chosen few On whom the Spir-it came, Twelve
4. A no - ble ar-my, men and boys, The ma-tron and the maid, A-



blood-red ban-ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train? Who  
saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save: Like  
valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame: They  
round the Saviour's throne re-joice, In robes of light ar - rayed: They



best can drink His cup of woe, Tri-umph - ant o - ver pain, Who  
Him, with par-don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain, He  
met the ty-rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane; They  
climbed the steep as-cent of heaven Through per-il, toil and pain: O



pa - tient bears His cross be-low, Who fol - lows in His train.  
prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?  
bowed their necks the death to feel: Who fol - lows in their train?  
God, to us may grace be given To fol - low in their train. A-men.





# 72 When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.



1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set of sun,



And the morning breaks, eternal bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall  
And the glo - ry of His res-ur-rec-tion share; When His chosen ones shall  
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is



gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der,  
gather to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der,  
o - ver and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der,

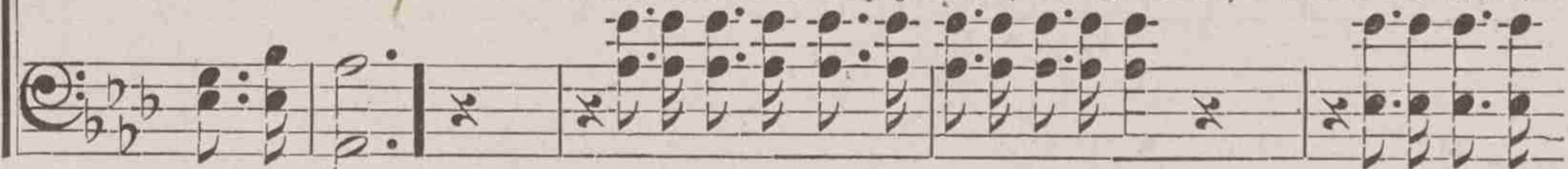


*D. S.—roll is called up yon-der,*

## FINE. CHORUS.



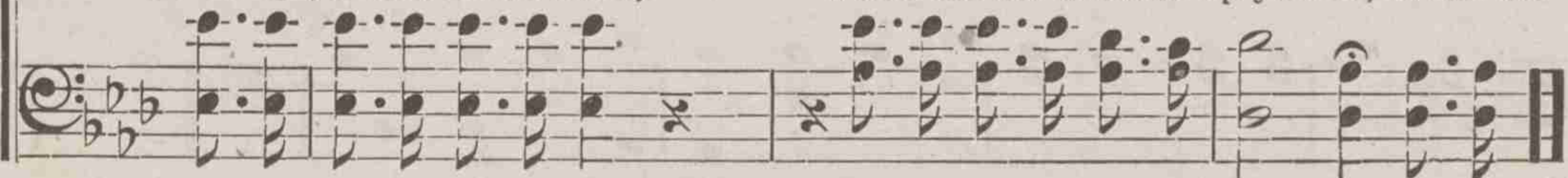
I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is  
When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is



*I'll be there.*



called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yonder, When the  
called up yonder, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yonder, When the





MATTHEW BRIDGES.

GEORGE JOB ELVEY.



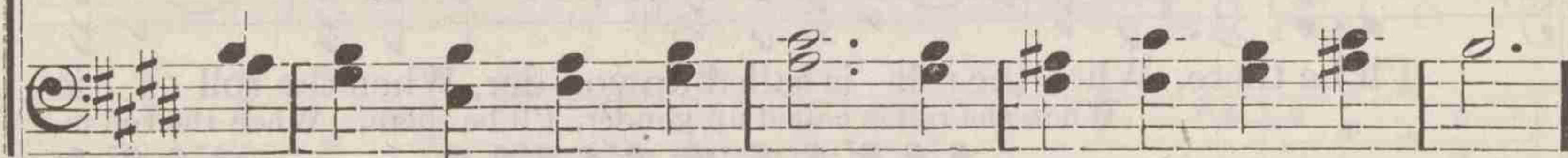
1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne:
2. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose pow'r a scep - tre sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time,



Hark! how the heav'n - ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own.  
 Rich wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied.  
 From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise.  
 Cre - a - tor of the roll - ing spheres, In - ef - fa - bly su - blime.



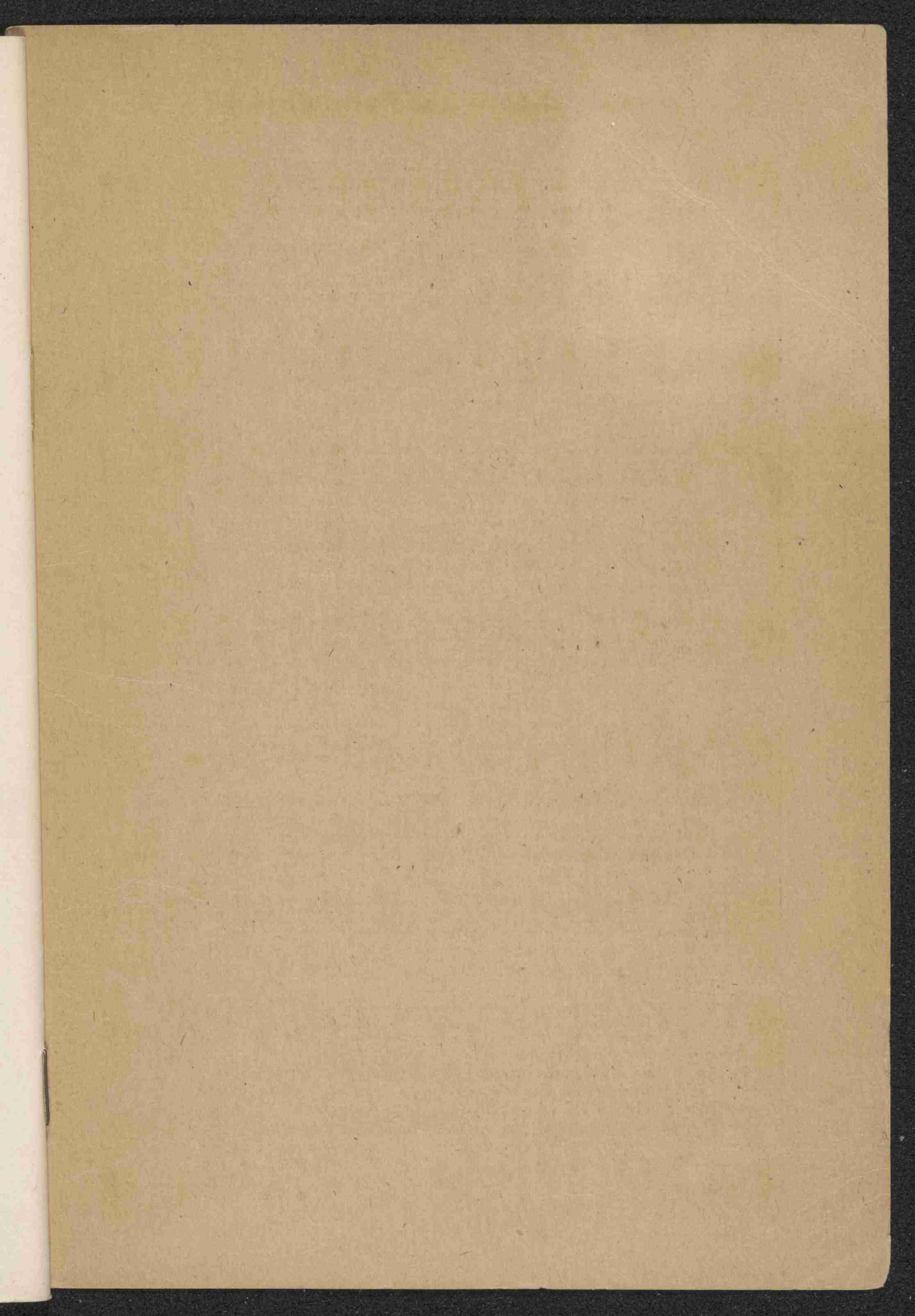
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,  
 No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly bear the sight,  
 His reign shall know no end, And 'round His pierc - ed feet  
 All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me;



And hail Him as thy matchless King Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.  
 But downward bends His burn - ing eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.  
 Fair flow'rs of Par - a - dise ex - tend Their fragrance ev - er sweet.  
 Thy praise shall nev - er, nev - er fail Throughout e - ter - ni - tv. A-MEN.









## No. 4.

## O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

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WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.



1. When all my la-bors and tri-als are o'er, And I am safe on that  
 2. When, by the gift of His in-fi-nite grace, I am ac-cord-ed in  
 3. Friends will be there I have loved long a-go; Joy like a riv-er a-



beau-ti-ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a-dore,  
 Heav-en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,  
 round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav-ior, I know,

*rit.*CHORUS. *Faster.*

Will thro' the a-ges be glo-ry for me. . . O that will be  
 O . . . . that will



glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace  
 be glo-ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .



I shall look on His face, That will be glo-ry, be glo-ry for me.

